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Vol. CLIV No. 2010 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 30 1938

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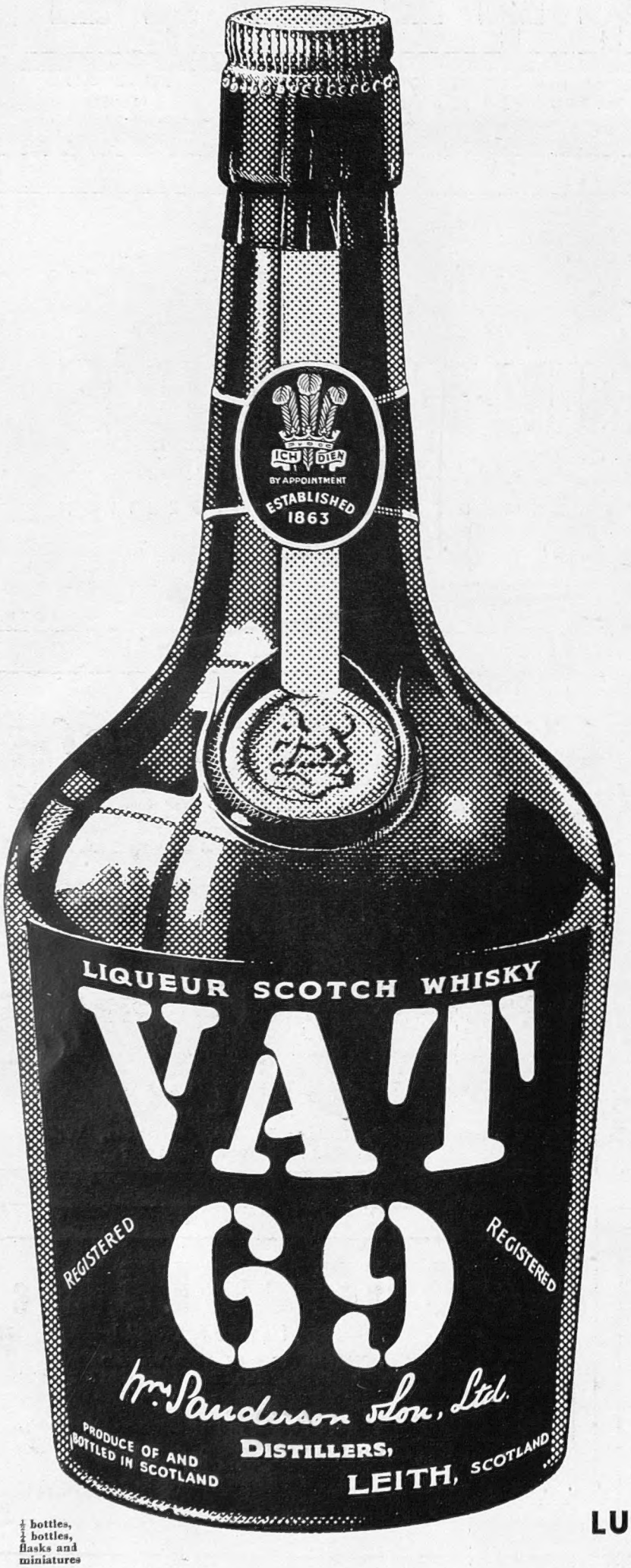

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Volume CLIV No. 2010

The SPHERE, London, July 30, 1938

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

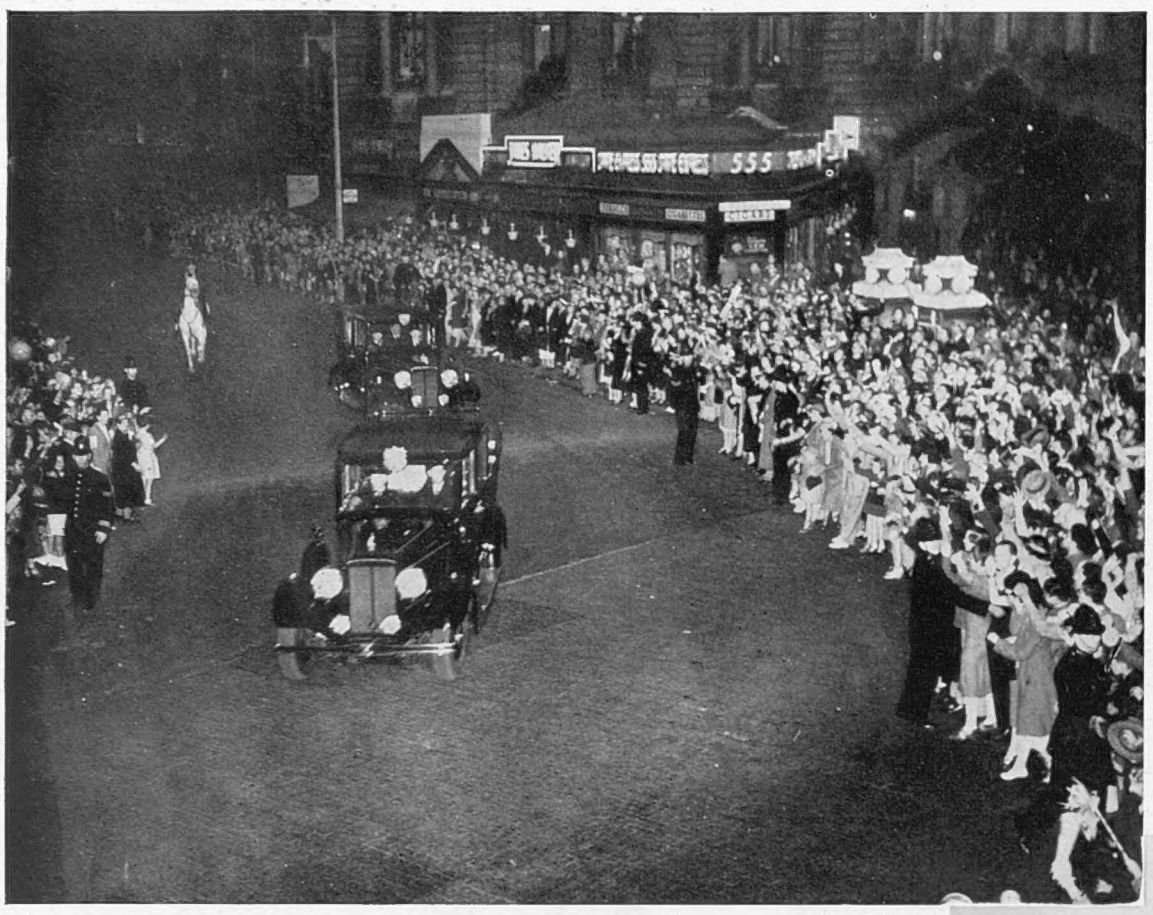
London, July 30, 1938

THEY'RE IN THE AIR GUARD NOW

Girls Leaving Aerial House, London, After Being Enrolled in the New National Defence Organisation

Last Saturday Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, announced the formation of a new national organisation to be known as the Civil Air Guard, having as its object the provision throughout the country of a large body of men and women with a knowledge of flying which, in time of emergency, would prove invaluable in assisting the R.A.F. The response to this announcement was both immediate and overwhelming, more than 2,000 letters of application—many of them from women—pouring in upon the Air Ministry on Monday morning, followed on succeeding days by an avalanche of similar proportions, thus providing ample proof that the scheme has caught the public fancy. That it has done so is not surprising, for the scheme brings flying as never before within the reach of the humblest purse and fulfils the ideal of those who have for years been urging that if the nation is to become air-minded flying must be made cheap. It will now be possible, indeed, for a man or woman to qualify for an "A" licence for the sum of £2 2s. 6d., and it is safe to predict that as a result of this revolutionary reduction in cost the number of "A" licence holders—at present 3,418—will in a very short time be multiplied many times over. Flying will begin in October and the whole plan, except in its broad outlines, will be operated by the various clubs, such as those at Brooklands, Hanworth and Romford, where all arrangements will be made for acquiring aircraft and providing instructors

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



LONDON AGAIN ACCLAIMS THE KING AND QUEEN: A huge throng roaring a welcome to Their Majesties as they drove from Victoria to Buckingham Palace on returning from their triumphal four days State visit to France. It will be seen how slender were the cordons, as compared with those in Paris, where the Royal visitors were ringed around by armed forces

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 27, 1938.

TRIUMPH OF PARIS VISIT.—

The King and Queen are safely back in England, bringing their sheaves of triumph with them. The Dictators have shown us what importance they attach to such State visits as this. Hitler's march on Rome must have cost the taxpayer £4,000,000. And Paris did the business as only Paris—built in one piece for such effects—can. That the King and Queen would get a rousing welcome from the crowds, none doubted. Despite the armed human hedge that closed them in, they heard enthusiasm expressed in roars which the most affectionate British crowd never achieve, being more self-conscious; and as the visit went its way, confidence increased and the Parisians got better views of the British visitors. There is not the least doubt that the Queen instantly won every heart. The manners of those French Ministers and officials, always superb on official occasions, reacted to that grace and charm, and every official occasion recalled the great days of the Paris salon, the great days of manners and social graces. It was a triumph for the King and Queen, a triumph for France and a triumph for peace—that was one of Paris's slogans: "Vive le Roi signifie au jour d'hui vive la paix." Above all, it sticks in my mind it was a triumph for good manners. What a supreme asset that is; the address, the social tact, the ease and graces of those bred and born or by nature attuned to "the manners of good society!" Official functions can be so damnably dull and *stuffy*. In Paris the Royal visitors and entourage, despite gargantuan meals, terrifying wine lists, and staggering toast lists, had a good time, a perfectly delightful, light-hearted, easy entertainment, with wit for the seasoning and adroitness for the oil of the salad. It takes 1,000 years of familiarity with social arts and great days to achieve that. As for the military pageantry, no nation has taught France anything in that line since Napoleon I's time. And Paris, as I have said, is a city ready dressed in its workaday apparel for pageants and romantic occasions. But I wonder, now that Paris is experiencing that "morning after" feeling, now that the captains and the kings have departed, how many hearts are casting one longing, lingering look behind to the days when Versailles and the Tuileries performed with splendour of pageantry the functions for which they were built. In how many hearts the croix de feu has flamed up? It is the bare truth that a throne (wisely occupied) brings an immense amount of colour into the lives of ordinary folk. Paris was made for kings; unfortunately her kings were not often made for Paris.

A MINERS' LEADER'S SUBSTANTIAL WILL: The late Mr. Herbert Smith, for over thirty years president of the Yorkshire Miners' Association and a former president of the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain, who is revealed to have left the comparatively large sum of £12,000. His friends are not surprised at the amount, as Mr. Smith was for many years in receipt of a good salary and lived extremely simply

BRITISH SOVEREIGN AND PARIS VISITS.—

It is odd to remember that during 400 years of more or less strained relations no British Sovereign ever visited Paris, though the fair city harboured at least four needy British pretenders or kings without thrones. Queen Victoria followed Henry VI! That was during the Crimea, and on this visit Napoleon III (whom only a short time before the Queen had regarded as unspeakable) by his skilful arts saw to it that his sister of England fell under his charm. Thereafter her affection for him grew, and she took Eugénie into her arms, and in the days of exile and tragedy at Farnborough, the Empress leaned on Queen Victoria's warm friendship, which grew ever closer. That visit had a considerable political significance; so did at least one of King Edward VII's; so did two of King George V's; and so unquestionably has the first visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Little as we understand the French character and institutions and methods, we are one and all instantly captivated by Frenchmen of all classes who lay themselves out to be pleasant to us when visiting France. The charm and social graces on this occasion were by no means on one side, and a large book could be filled with a list of the surprises and pleasant reactions registered by hosts and guests alike. The "unknown island" is once more in the French atlas.

QUEEN MARIE.—

She had been called a Queen of Romance and she certainly had claims to be called a Tragedy Queen. The artistic temperament does not usually make for placidity and happiness, and more than one Queen of Rumania has found the truth of that. The elder daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and grand-daughter both of Queen Victoria and Czar Alexander of Russia, Queen Marie spent her youth in England and at Malta until her marriage at the age of eighteen to Crown Prince Ferdinand. It was from the first a marriage doomed to failure, a marriage of political convenience. The people of Rumania fell under her charm; she had beauty, vivacity and artistic gifts, as well as courage and proficiency as a horsewoman. But her desire for freedom and self-expression and her dislike of convention beat vainly against the rocks of Court etiquette. King Carol did not approve and her husband did not or could not support her. Ferdinand succeeded his father in 1914, and with him she suffered banishment, privation and intense anxiety during two years of exile while enemy forces occupied the country. As the bitter phases of the war succeeded one another, Queen Marie kept her hold on the affections of Rumania and showed courage, self-sacrifice and real efficiency in her war service. Her family increased to six. In 1927 King Ferdinand died. Her eldest son, the present King Carol, was then at the low ebb of his varying fortunes and her grandson succeeded. The fortunes of her children tell the full, sad story of her own tragedy. Her second son, Nicholas, was recently exiled when he married a commoner, and lives at Venice as M. Brana. In the absence of Carol he had acted as Regent for his nephew. Her eldest daughter is ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece, another unhappy marriage. The second daughter is widow of the murdered Alexander, King of Yugoslavia, assassinated at Marseilles in 1934. The third daughter, Ileana, married the Archduke Anton of Austria—of Austria *infelix*. She is rather well known to Londoners, for she was often in England before her marriage and attended many private dances during the London seasons. Queen Marie was no doubt eccentric in her tastes, she was a modern in art, had a genuine gift for writing and was naturally impulsive and changeable. But through the mists of misrepresentation, misunderstanding, malice, censure and gossip, the people of Rumania still saw the steady flame of her character burning.

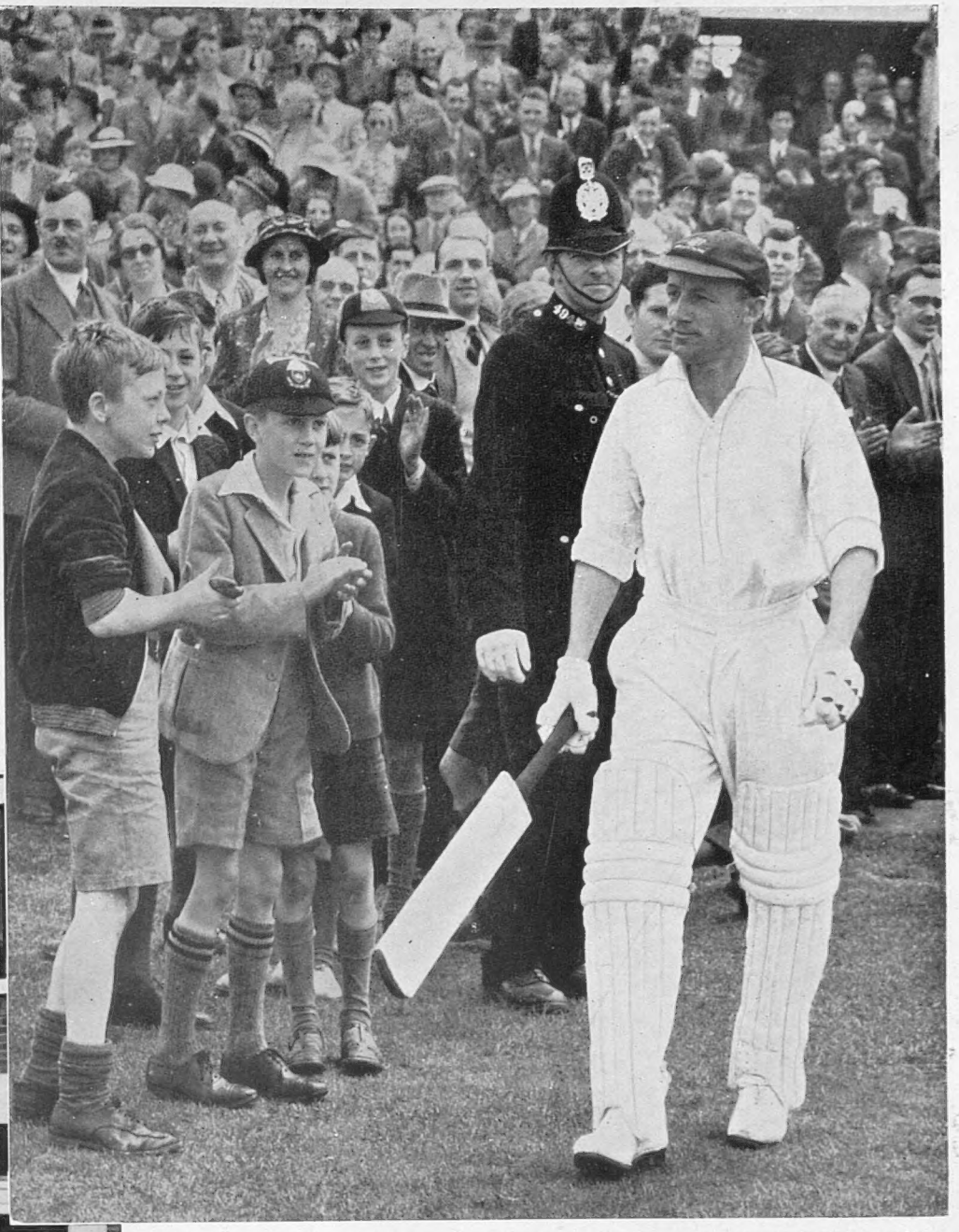
B.B.C. CHIEF.—Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, the new B.B.C. director-general, is young, but still seven years older than was Sir John Reith when first appointed. He is forty-five, and has played many parts. Clifton and Balliol educated him in nice time for the war; he got a commission from Oxford in the Bedfordshire Regiment and was wounded badly in the left hand. He was a don at Trinity (Oxford) after the war until 1926, when he was translated to Edinburgh as political economy professor. Four years ago he crossed to Ulster to become Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast. Mr. Ogilvie was a dark horse; his appointment a surprise; the choice of an "educationist" in lieu of a "business man" or "organiser" was called in question. To which one may reply: What's in a label? And why, given the chance, should not a young and vigorous professor of political economy be an "organiser" or a "business man." What's a business man, anyway? I guess they chose Mr. Ogilvie on character, not on labels. I guess somebody had opened the bottle and tasted the mixture. And I don't think we need argue that the new director-general is to maintain in running order Sir John's *finished* machinery. Nothing is ever finished and the B.B.C. like every other institution is in constant need of new ideas, new brooms, of purging and perfecting, and patient observance of changing opinions, public fashions and public needs. Of course, Mr. Ogilvie can improve on Sir John in many ways. No man is a super-man and no man indispensable.

SUBSTANCE FROM SHADOW! Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood addressing executives and employees during his visit to the Austin shadow factory at Longbridge, near Birmingham, where he saw in flight the first Fairey Battle aeroplane to be produced by this concern, its completion being ahead of schedule. Two years ago the shadow factory at Longbridge did not exist; there was a farm in rural surroundings—pleasant, undulating land with no apparent future association with any branch of Great Britain's defence. Now there is a huge works, planned and laid out on modern lines, and engaged partly in the production of bombers and partly in the manufacture of components of the Bristol Mercury aero-engine. The site is one of 28 acres, and the buildings cover more than half of that area

REX v. BOURNE.—The case of Mr. Bourne proves that the relevant statute of 1929 to safeguard infant life was in its drafting neither rigid to inhumanity nor antiquated according to modern opinion. The operation performed by Mr. Bourne on an unfortunate girl was carried out within the provisions of the Act. Such an operation is not and never will be unlawful if performed in good faith with the sole object of saving the mother's life; that is to say, saving her from speedy death or from a lingering death, or from mental or physical decay which is a living death. Mr. Bourne took his stand on the letter of that Act. He did not, as certain papers suggested, stand out against the inhumanity of the law, prepared to risk martyrdom by breaking it. It is worth stressing the point. The law is strict, as it must be, in a world in which unskilled abortionists flourish, and many weak or loose women would risk their health to avoid the inconveniences of folly or the responsibilities of motherhood. Mr. Bourne, highly qualified, acted with characteristic independence, but not without the most careful attention to the letter and spirit of the existing law. It is obvious that the Act is sufficiently elastic, and that where such operations are performed henceforth—all will be rare cases—they will not be called in question if performed by qualified surgeons after consultation with a colleague of equal standing.

GOODWOOD.—The jolliest and least formal of fashionable race meetings is now in progress. At Goodwood, men of fashion can wear anything, though the "glass of fashion" usually chooses a tweed suit and a bowler hat when a flannel suit and a soft felt hat would be much more comfortable. But Goodwood downs are high and get a sea breeze from the gleaming Solent, visible from The Trundle and car parks, and it is seldom sultry there. The present Duke has carried on his father's work on the race-course, and new improvements for traffic easement and public comfort are seen every year. The Trundle, since it was fenced in, has greatly increased the revenue of the meeting and not decreased its popularity. The worst feature of Goodwood week for West Sussex is the continued licence allowed to charity reapers. The congested roads are lined and often obstructed by children and grown-ups risking their lives for the commendable object of catching pennies for the hospitals. But the end does *not* justify the means. The charm of a day at Goodwood is not over with the racing. The privileged among house parties and neighbours foregather in the afternoons on the green lawns beside the two fine polo grounds at Cowdray Park (over against the ruins of Lord Southampton's noble manor house) and there, having seen the best of racing, watch all the star performers playing a series of polo tournaments, and in the intervals gossip with their friends and discuss racing and raspberries and cream. By 7 p.m. they call it a day and a very full and pleasant one.

SPRING MEETING.—I seldom go to a play, and I like to leave my card on a dramatist who gives me two hours of real enjoyment. So I leave mine on the authors of *Spring Meeting*. It is a commonplace that the last act of a drawing-room comedy is seldom successful. *Spring Meeting* all but achieves the impossible. Only the last two minutes is slap-stick farce. All the rest is glorious comedy of Irish manners and life, not absurdly exaggerated. "They say" the play is a photograph of the home life of one of the authors. If so, it is true to say: "scratch a Russian (Tchekov variety) and you will find an Irishman." This is refined humour and rich character drawing, laid on thick but not with a trowel. No one should miss admiring the way Messrs. Livesey, Sinclair and Fay and Miss Rutherford take the splendid opportunities given them, for this comedy displays one of the glories of English genius which (if I may be allowed the Irishism) is playing to perfection a comedy of Irish life and humour.



THEIR IDOL: Note the hero-worshipping look on the faces of these youngsters as they applauded skipper Don Bradman on his way to the wicket before scoring a century in Australia's first innings in the fourth Test match at Leeds. It was a great game, with fortune swinging this way and that with bewildering frequency, and at the finish Australia gained a well-deserved victory which, whatever happens in the final match at the Oval, ensures her retention of the coveted "Ashes." Bradman has now scored two triple centuries and a single century in successive Tests on the Headingley ground

RAILWAYS RECEIPTS.—That some of the British railways would be forced to reduce their interim "divides" comes as no surprise. The regularly published receipts and the known increases in overhead costs enabled the expert pretty well to work it out. But there is not yet any reason for pessimism, nor do the half-yearly figures of one railway accurately forecast the year's decline for all. Take the L.M.S. It expected a poorish showing for the half year, but anticipates a much less serious decline for the second half. It is still reaping a handsome harvest from Glasgow and most of the grain will fill the barns during the autumn holidays. People on the look-out for a sound investment could do worse than consider the L.M.S. first 4 per cent. Preference. Through the worst of times it never ceased to be a payer. At 62 it pays on its full dividend a handsome income for its comparative security, and even if that dividend was pared down by 1 per cent. it would still give a very fair return for a family man. All the other railways, moreover, have still to reap the benefits of holiday traffics. THE OLD STAGER

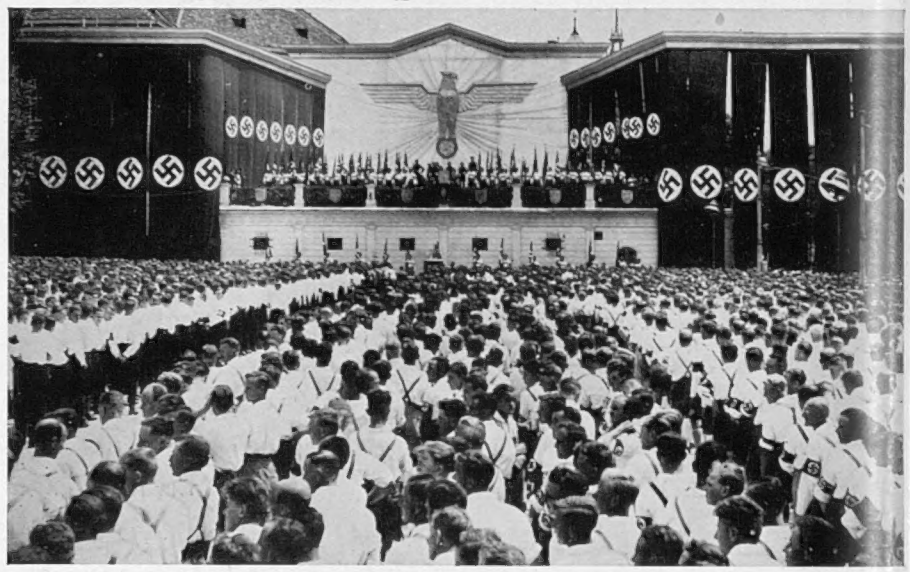
WORLD SURVEY

Events in Belgium, Austria, United States, and the Mediterranean

BELGIUM'S ROYAL CHILDREN ACCOMPANY THEIR FATHER: Ten-year-old Princess Josephine Charlotte, four-year-old Prince Albert of Liége, and seven-year-old Crown Prince Baudouin, driving in Brussels to a ceremony held recently in connection with the National Fête

YSER MEMORIAL TO KING ALBERT: King Leopold of Belgium and his mother, Queen Elizabeth, walking together from the monument which His Majesty had just unveiled in memory of his father. It has been raised by Belgian ex-Service men to "Their War-time Leader," and is situated at Nieuport, the headquarters of the Belgian General Staff during the war

MORE LABOUR TROUBLES IN THE U.S.: On July 19 police used tear gas bombs and guns to disperse pickets outside the Chicago Foundry Company's premises where a strike was in progress. A man in the foreground can be seen as he was about to operate a tear gas gun

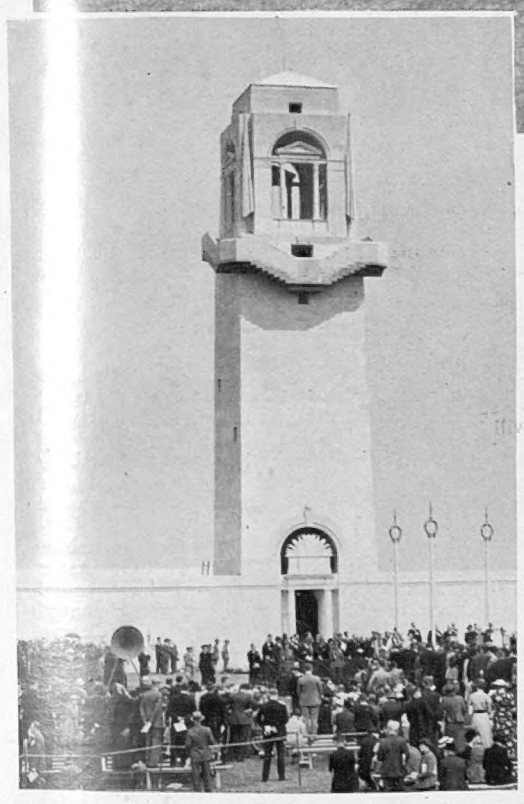


AUSTRIAN NAZI "MARTYRS" REMEMBERED: The swastika-bedecked platform at Klagenfurt from which Herr Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy, delivered an oration last week to mark the fourth anniversary of the abortive Nazi Putsch in Vienna and to commemorate Planetta and Holzweber, the two Nazis who were executed for the murder of Dr. Dollfuss

PIRACY STILL OBTAINS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: These two pictures, which were received in London a few days ago, were taken following the sinking of the 884-ton Danish cargo steamer *Bodil* off the Spanish coast. The *Bodil* was bound from Danzig to Nice with a cargo of coal and, on reaching a point 70 miles north of Minorca, was suddenly bombed by a plane which carried no other marking save a black cross. Two bombs registered direct hits and the crew had only just time to take to the boats before the vessel broke in two and disappeared. Fortunately H.M.S. *Shropshire* was near by and (*on left*) some of the fifteen survivors are seen aboard her after their rescue. The picture *above* shows the two lifeboats approaching the *Shropshire* and in the distance the whirl and small wreckage of the sunken vessel

THE KING AND QUEEN AT VILLERS-BRETONNEUX

The Last Day of the Royal Visit to France



IN MEMORY OF ANZAC GALLANTRY: The King and Queen, President Lebrun, and other notabilities pictured at the impressive ceremony at Villers-Bretonneux on July 22, when His Majesty unveiled the Australian National War Memorial commemorating the 10,885 Australian soldiers who fell in France and have no known graves. *On left*—The main tower of the memorial. *Below*—The King and Queen followed by M. Lebrun and Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood

PARIS AFTERMATH: The scene in the little Bois de Boulogne Station at the week-end when it was visited by thousands of Parisians who went to see the specially-built Hall of Honour where the King and Queen were received on arrival in Paris and also the train in which Their Majesties journeyed from Boulogne. *On right*—Flowers, which were specially arranged in the Champs-Elysées in honour of the Royal visit, were granted to citizens by the Municipality and now adorn many a window-box in the city

BRITAIN ORDERS 1,000 FIGHTERS: The Largest Single Order Ever Given To One Factory—£10,000,000 Involved

TO DOMINATE BRITAIN'S BIGGER AIR FORCE: A production Spitfire undergoing its acceptance trials. An order for no fewer than a thousand of these machines has been given to Lord Nuffield and they will be made at his new factory now under construction at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham. They are powered with 1,050 h.p. Rolls-Royce Merlin engines and have been developed from the design which some years ago won the Schneider Trophy for this country

A SINGLE order to one factory for 1,000 fighters, such as that which has been given to the new factory which Lord Nuffield is building, is a staggering one. A conservative estimate would put the value of the order at close on £10,000,000. But the interest in the order does not lie in its value so much as in its significance with regard to the tactical value of the fighter as a defensive weapon in modern air war. The Air Council must obviously attach great importance to the fighter in this respect and at a time when foreign Powers are somewhat neglecting the fighter in favour of concentration on bombers. Their dictum is very much that offence by bombers is the best means of national defence.

Not that the British Air Ministry is neglecting the bomber. Indeed, some thousands are on order to take their place in the first line and to be held in reserve. Rather, this order for fighters, together with the others which are in progress of execution, is a stimulating and spectacular example of the tremendous resource of the British aircraft industry and one which must surely have its effect on foreign experts, who watch our production and gauge from it our potential strength.

There is, however, no doubt that the value of the fighter as a defensive weapon is very much less to-day than it was during the great war, mainly due to the greatly increased speeds of bombers. The function of the fighter is to attack the raiding bomber. Little use is it, then, if it cannot contact the bomber—and mighty difficult it is nowadays for a fighter to contact a bomber.

The Fighter Plane In Modern War

BY NIGEL TANGYE

During the great war fighters had anything up to 50 per cent. increase of speed over the bomber. To-day, taking the fastest bomber built and the fastest fighter in service, that preponderance of speed has been reduced to about 10 per cent. or even less. This is a miserable margin for the fighter-pilot endeavouring to contact a bomber.

Captain Norman Macmillan, who has spent a lifetime studying air tactics, and who was himself a fighter-pilot during the war, recently gave me a vivid example of the present state of affairs.

A modern fighter has a speed of about 350 m.p.h. A modern bomber (not yet actually in service but already flying) has a speed of 340 m.p.h. This modern fighter has an endurance at cruising speed of perhaps three hours, or just under. At top speed, its endurance is reduced to one hour. Now supposing the pilot of the fighter sets off to contact the bomber but the bomber has a ten-mile start (only ten miles, mind you), the fighter will just catch it up at the moment it runs out of petrol. In other words, it cannot make contact under those entirely feasible conditions.

But there is another point which favours the attacking bomber. An enemy raid on London approaching from the west will probably cross the coast at 30,000 ft. The machines will then put their noses down to increase speed, so that at the time they reach London they will be as high as 26,000 ft. but with another 50 m.p.h. added on to their normal speed at level flight. They will, in fact, actually be travelling considerably faster than the fastest fighters unless they are flying over London above them and so can dive on them to gain speed.

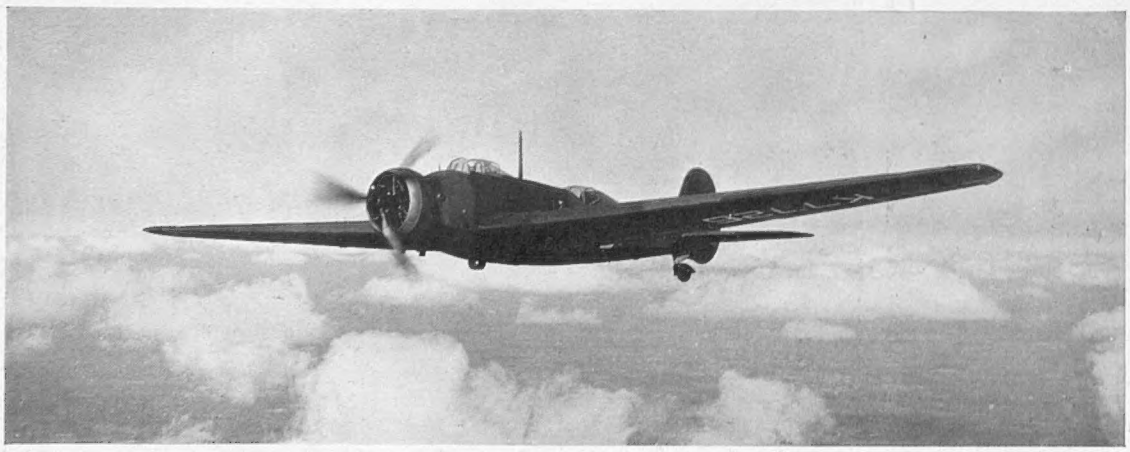
After the bombs have been dropped, the bombers turn for home, but they can still afford to lose more height and so travel faster until after they have crossed the coast on their homeward journey. Flying at 22,000 ft., at nearly 400 m.p.h. they will present a most difficult target to the anti-aircraft batteries which are stationed on our farthest outpost—the coast.

For the defence of London we must rely on a combination of anti-aircraft guns, balloon barrages and fighters, but, for reasons such as those outlined above, the dice is loaded in favour of the raiders, who have a target of something like 300 sq. miles on which to drop their bombs. If, however, they wish to try and destroy key-points, such as power stations, arsenals etc., they will have to employ tactics that will bring them within comfortable range of our batteries.

As far as the fighters are concerned it appears likely that a new form of tactics will be employed. When I was in Spain last year I had several discussions with Italian fighter pilots on the subject of modern air tactics. As a result of their experiences in trying to stop the extremely fast Russian bombers getting through, these fighter pilots one and all were led to the conclusion that in a future war fighters would be on ceaseless patrol at a great height over likely objectives. So long as they were above the enemy and spotted them before they reached their objective then they could dive on them with a preponderance of speed and destroy, anyway, a proportion of them. But such tactics would necessitate constant patrol by hundreds, if not thousands, of fighters.

These Italian pilots went on to suggest that, to save time, engines requiring periodical overhaul would be taken out of airframes to be examined and new ones take their place, so that the machines could be in the air again after only a couple of hours.

If such tactics as these were employed for the defence of British cities, then the advantage that the bomber has ostensibly over the fighter would be greatly reduced. The huge number of fighters that are on order appear to be a pointer towards the adoption of such tactics.



R.A.F. FLIGHT SUCCESS: A standard service Vickers-Wellesley bomber of the same type as the four planes which recently flew non-stop the 4,300 miles from Cranwell, Lincolnshire, to Ismailia, Egypt, beating by nearly 1,000 miles the previous world record for a non-stop, military formation flight. Their average speed was exactly 135 m.p.h.

NEW YORK GIVES WORLD FLYERS A LINDBERGH WELCOME

How Thousands Greeted Hughes and His Four Companions as They Drove in Triumph Through the City The Penultimate Stop at Fairbanks

NEARING THE END: The scene at Fairbanks, Alaska, after Mr. Howard Hughes and his four companions had landed there from Siberia in their giant Lockheed monoplane, and the ground staff were busily engaged in putting aboard 1,700 gallons of petrol to take them on the penultimate lap of their remarkable world flight which ended in New York 3 days 19 hrs. 17 mins. after it had begun. Two hundred machines of this same type have lately been ordered by the Royal Air Force

FÊTING THE CONQUERING HEROES: Howard Hughes (centre) driving up Broadway in the great parade of welcome on the day following his arrival. *Below*—Tommy Thurlow and his mother, son and wife of Howard Hughes' navigator, exchanging joyous kisses on hearing the news that the machine was nearing New York

SHOWERS OF TICKER TAPE, torn up telephone books, and the contents of waste paper baskets rained down on Hughes and his companions as they drove in triumph up Broadway when receiving a typical New York welcome following their historic world flight. A picture that evidences the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the flyers were greeted and which was reminiscent of the popular demonstration accorded Lindbergh following his lone New York–Paris adventure a decade ago

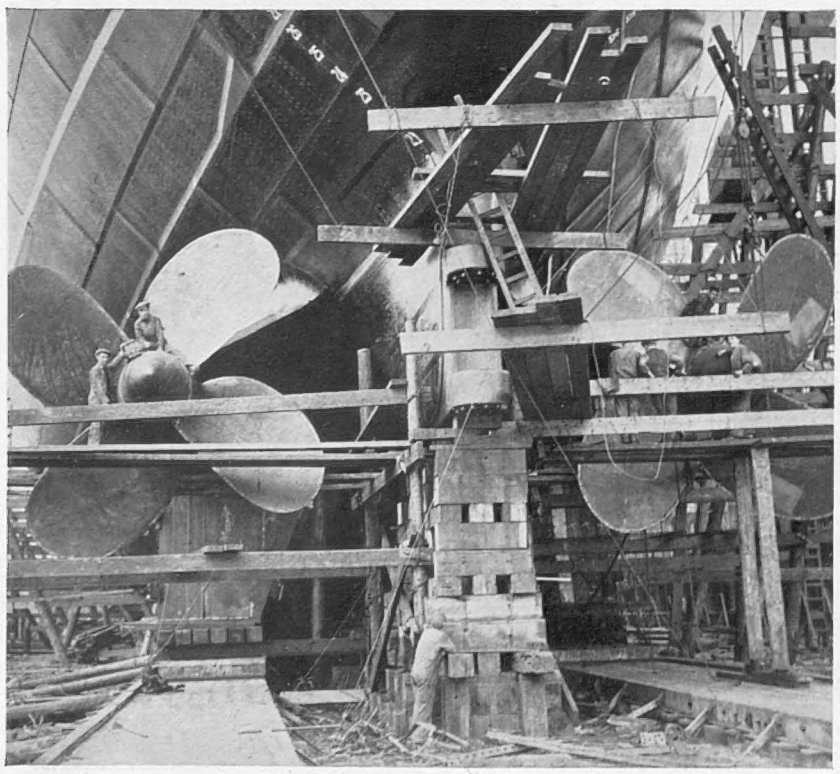
A "Queen Bee" Brought Down at the First Shot

A FINE EFFORT BY TERRITORIAL MARKSMEN: With this 3-in. A.A. gun men of the 206th Battery, 58th (Kent) Anti-Aircraft Brigade, Royal Artillery, succeeded in achieving the remarkable feat of bringing down in a single shot a radio-controlled "Queen Bee" plane. This excellent piece of work was done during firing practice on the coast at Watchet, Somerset, where the Brigade has been in camp, and when the hit was made the machine was diving from 9,000 ft. at high speed, offering an immensely difficult target

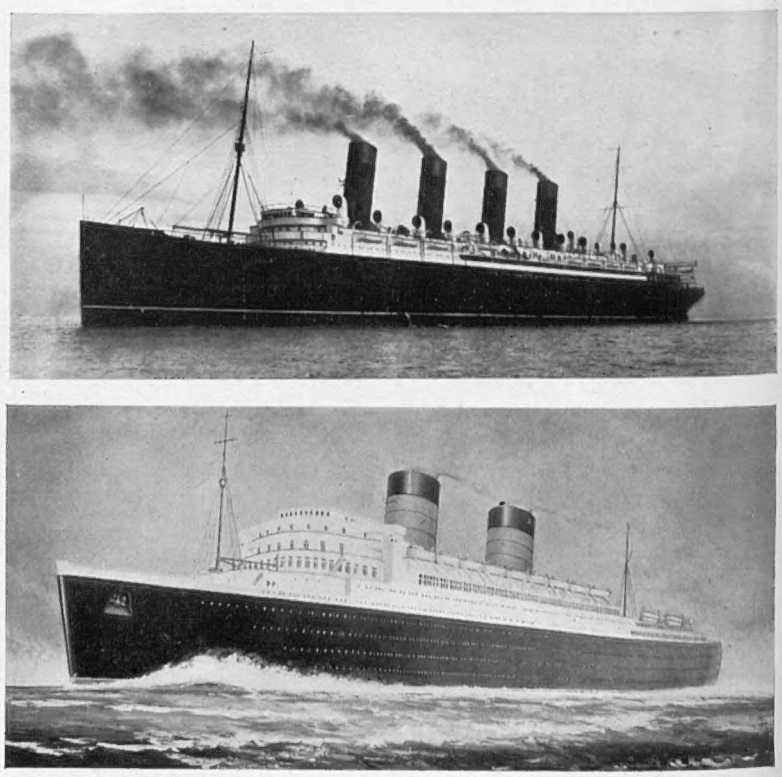
SPOILS OF VICTORY: Men of the 206th Battery with sections of the "Queen Bee" radio-controlled plane which they brought down while in camp by the Bristol Channel at Watchet, Somerset. The men manning the particular gun that fired the successful shot come from the Thameside town of Erith

In the early days of the Territorial Army, regulars were often free with their derogatory remarks about amateur soldiers, and it is good to know that that attitude hardly exists to-day, largely, no doubt, because our volunteer force gives such repeated evidence of its efficiency. The notable piece of marksmanship recorded above is not only a demonstration of that efficiency, but a happy augury of what citizens may expect in the way of protection from enemy aircraft if ever such protection is needed. The men of the 206th Battery which achieved the feat are drawn from many walks of life, bricklayers, bank clerks, schoolmasters, and road labourers being among their number

THE NEW "MAURETANIA": Birkenhead Witnesses the Launch of the Successor to a Famous Queen of the Atlantic—The Two Liners Compared



FITTING THE TWIN SCREWS: The giant 25-ton propellers of the new 33,000-ton Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania* being placed in position in readiness for this week's launching ceremony which it was arranged should be performed by Lady Bates at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard where the great vessel has been under construction since May 24, 1937. She will rank twelfth among the world's merchant ships



LINES OF BEAUTY: The old *Mauretania* (*top*), which for so many years graced the waters of the Western Ocean and in her time broke many a record, compared with the new *Mauretania* which is depicted (*above*) as she will appear when completed. The new vessel is much the same size as her predecessor but will have only two funnels, as against four, in the interests of space economy

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE

A *Further Record of the King's and Queen's Stay in Paris*

FETE CHAMPETRE: King George and Queen Elizabeth greeting a guest at the garden party given in their honour by the Paris Municipal Council on the second day of their State visit to France. This brilliant social event, attended by some 4,000 people representative of many spheres of activity, took place in the magnificent setting of the park at Bagatelle, the residence in the Bois de Boulogne linked in history with the illustrious names of Marie Antoinette, the Comte d'Artois, and Napoleon I

Garden Party at Bagatelle

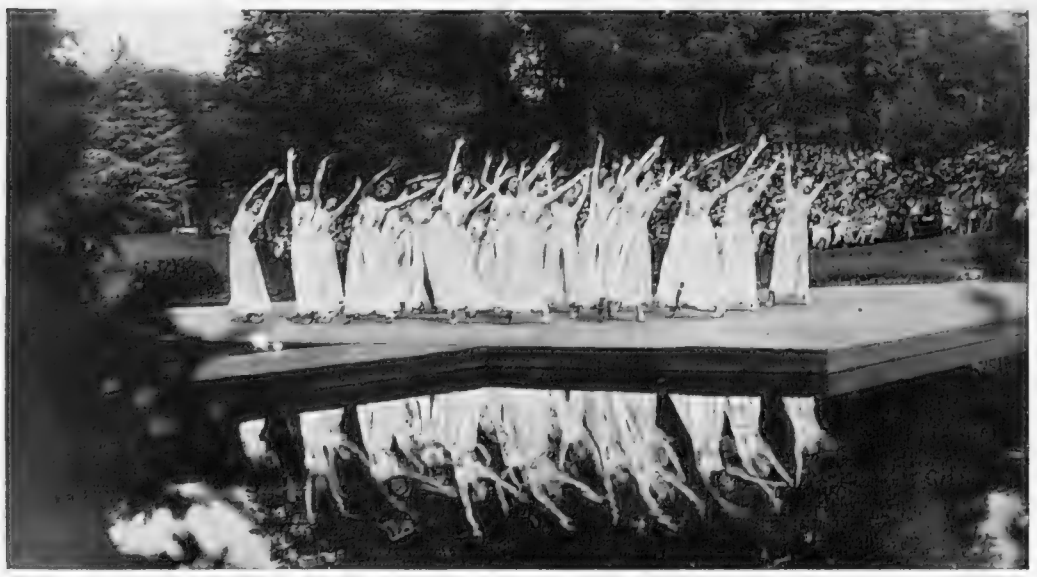
"COMME ELLE EST GRACIEUSE": *Left*—A delightful study of the Queen with President Lebrun at the Bagatelle garden party given by the Municipality of Paris. *Right*—The President enjoys a joke with Their Majesties as they stroll through the park-like grounds. During the afternoon the Queen noticed that some of the less privileged guests lining the barriers separating them from the Royal enclosure were unable to obtain a good view. After a whispered word with M. Lebrun, Their Majesties went across to the barriers and walked the whole way round only a few feet away from the people. This thoughtful gesture was appreciatively commented upon in the Paris press on the day following

b

Garden Party in the Park at Bagatelle

IN A PERFECT SETTING: The King and Queen and President Lebrun seated on embroidered arm-chairs, in the grounds of Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, where on the second day of their State visit they attended a garden party given by the Municipality of Paris and watched an open-air cabaret. Towards the right Viscount Halifax, Britain's Foreign Secretary, can be seen being shown to his seat

AS IN THE DAYS OF FRANCE'S KINGS: Dancers from the Bal Tabarin, noted Parisian night haunt, giving their performance before the King and Queen on the stage floating in the lake at the park of Bagatelle. It was a truly magnificent spectacle, arousing much enthusiasm among the distinguished spectators, and ended with a breath-taking moment when it seemed the performers could only by a miracle keep within the bounds of the small platform. *Below*—A close-up of the floating stage during one of the items



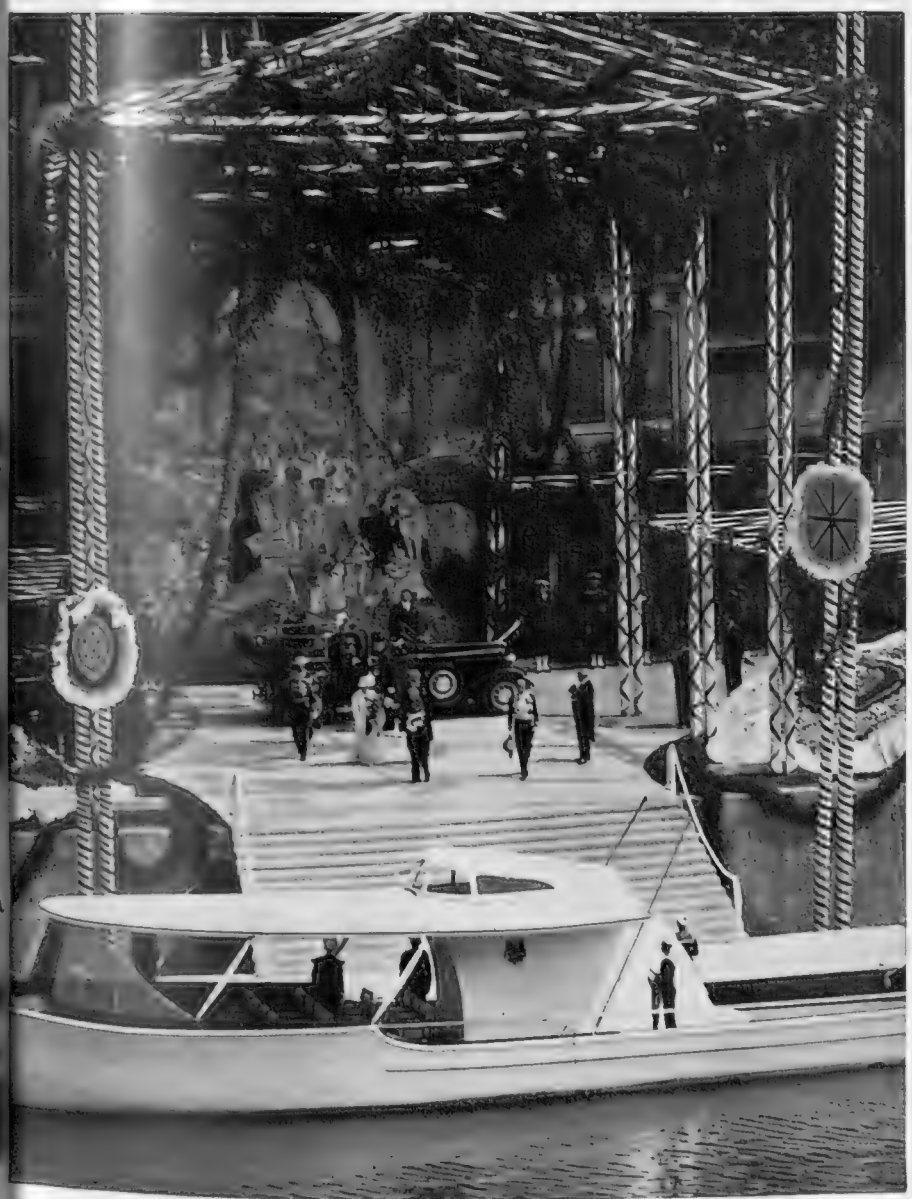
The King and Queen Jo

BY WATER TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE: The Queen, who wore a dress of white Nottingham lace, and President Lebrun boarding the motor launch in which, with the King and Madame Lebrun, they journeyed for 1½ miles up the Seine from the Quai d'Orsay to the specially prepared landing stage near the Pont d'Arcole, where they were greeted by officials and escorted to the City Hall, there to be welcomed officially by the civic authorities

DISEMBARKING AT THE PONT D'ARCOLE: The King (in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet) and the Queen leaving the Royal barge after their picturesque journey up the Seine on the second day of their visit to Paris. All along the river's edge, which was lined by various units of the French army, huge crowds had cheered their Majesties vociferously, while when they went ashore for the subsequent reception at the Hotel de Ville there was a perhaps even more enthusiastic throng waiting to acclaim them

ney on the Seine with the President

IN THE ROYAL BARGE: The King and Queen accompanied by President and Madame Lebrun as they journeyed up the Seine to the Hotel de Ville, and (*below*) a more general view of the scene showing the barge passing the dragon fountains and other ingenious devices moored in mid-stream



THE RETURN JOURNEY: The King and Queen about to re-embark on the Royal barge following the reception at the Hotel de Ville. The landing stage was magnificently arranged, carpeted steps leading to the quayside and above which was a pergola of gaily decorated poles artistically intertwined with greenery. It was noted that during the journey a launch travelled in front of the Royal barge in order to drag the river clear of any possible obstructions—a proceeding in keeping with the elaborate precautions taken throughout the Royal visit

The Hotel de Ville Reception

CIVIC GREETINGS: The Royal visitors arriving at the Hotel de Ville in company with President Lebrun and M. Le Provost de Launay, the new President of the Municipal Council, who later officially welcomed Their Majesties to the French capital, beginning with the words:—"Sire, Paris has forgotten neither the graciousness of the Duke of York nor the smile of the Duchess of York"

THE KING RESPONDS: His Majesty returning thanks to the Municipality of Paris for their reception. "My grandfather came here in 1903," declared the King, "and, in a way, laid the foundation of the Entente. My father came here in April, 1914, to consecrate this Entente, which shortly afterwards received its baptism of fire. To-day I come in my turn, and I can only realise that the Entente has lost nothing of its force or vitality"

THE FLOWER OF

His Majesty Visits the Tomb of

FRANCE SHOWS HER ARMY TO THE ROYAL GUEST: The King escorted by cyclists as he passed the Hotel de Ville on arrival at Versailles on the third day of his State visit when he reviewed 50,000 troops—the flower of the Republican forces. The broad Paris-Versailles road was used for the parade, and the men were under the command of General Billotte, Military Governor of Paris, who so arranged matters that the whole force was able to pass the saluting base in 80 minutes

TWENTIETH-CENTURY MILITARISM IN THE... The impressive scene outside the chatea... preparatory to witnessing the march pa...

THE KING AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: H... versation with leaders of French ex-se... had laid a wreath on the Tomb

PARIS MAKES MERRY: The floodlit opera house and the thronged Place de l'Opera on the evening of July 20, when the King and Queen attended a gala performance in company with some 3,000 notabilities, including Cabinet Ministers, the heads of France's armed forces, Senators and Deputies, and leading representatives of the arts and sciences. The streets remained packed until a late hour and, as on Bastille Day, there was much dancing among the crowds

AT THE OPERA: The King and Queen ... Lebrun as they stood to attention in ... National Anthems were played before ... At curtain fall the audience turned ...

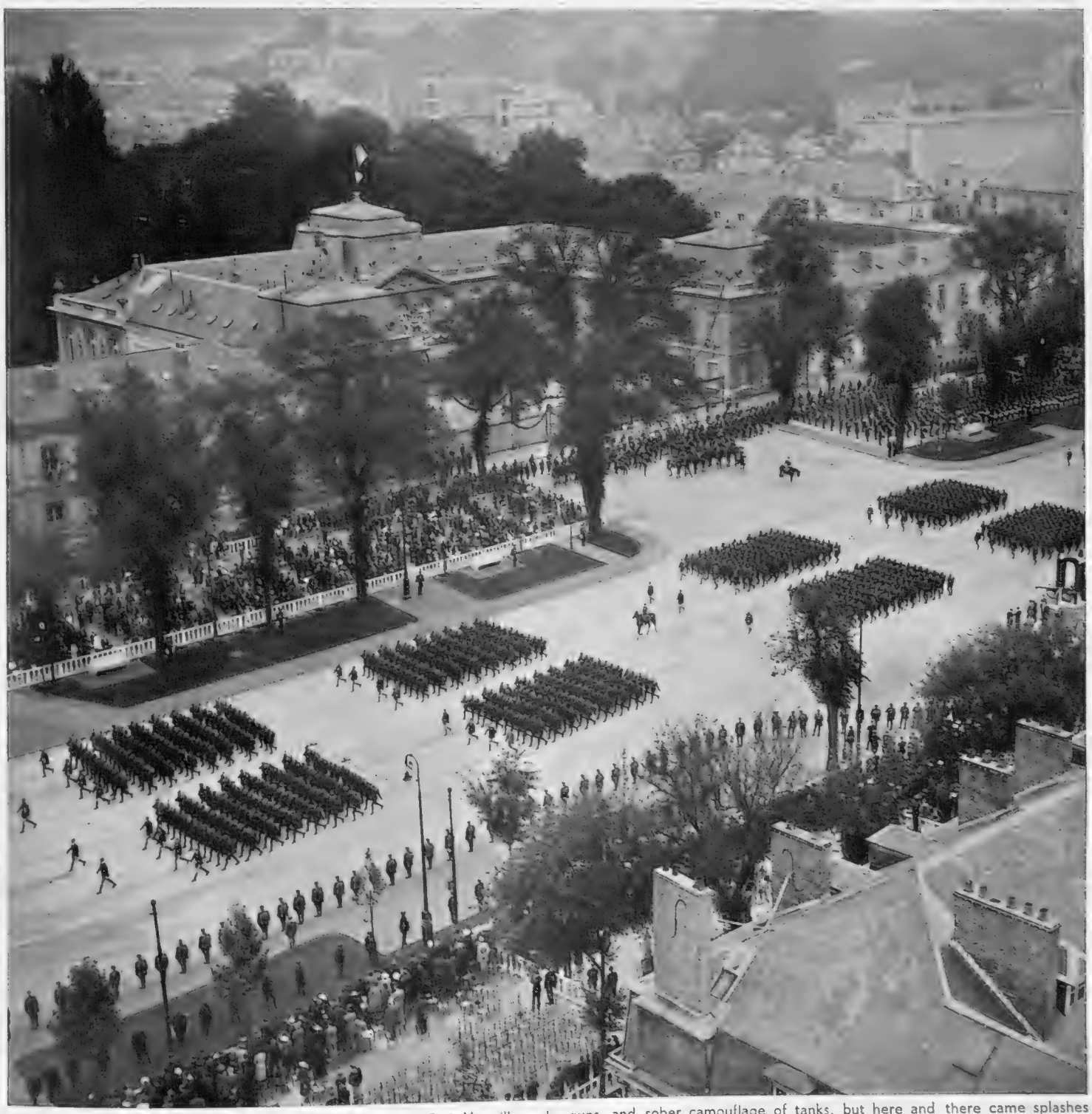
THE FRENCH ARMY PARADES BEFORE THE KING AT VERSAILLES

of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe—Vast Crowds Throng the Place de l'Opera—A Gala Performance

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ATMOSPHERE OF VERSAILLES: of the former French kings as the King arrived in his car, of 50,000 men. The forces on view were drawn from garrisons in all parts of France, thus representing a perfect cross-section of the contemporary French army. For the occasion General Billotte had under his command:—The 3rd (horsed) Cavalry Division; Infantry of three divisions; half a brigade of Chasseurs; four regiments of mechanised artillery; and the 5th Brigade of Tanks

Majesty seen in con- organisations after he the Unknown Soldier

President and Madame box when the two performance began. claimed Their Majesties



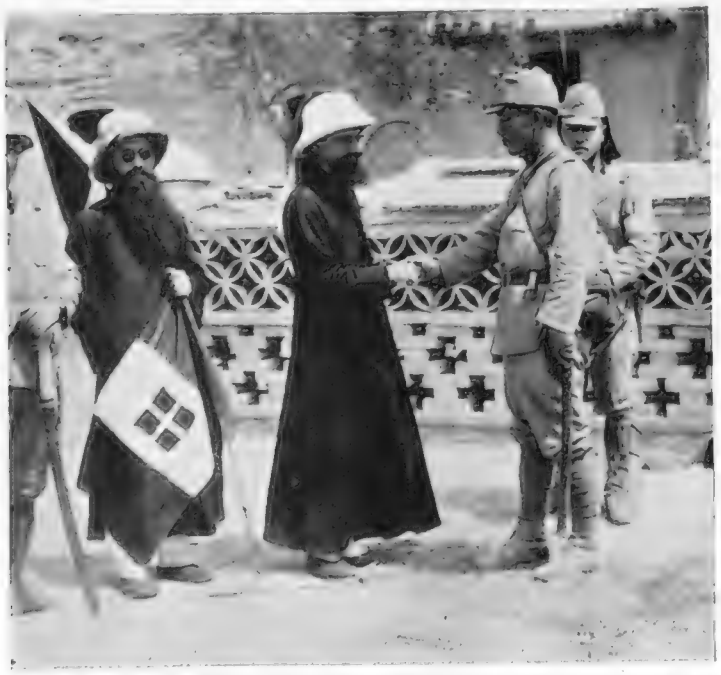
A NATION'S MASSED MIGHT: Looking down on the Paris-Versailles road as General Billotte's columns marched by with clockwork precision. The keynote of the parade was one of sombre efficiency, reflected in the drab khaki of field-service kit, the steel grey of the guns, and sober camouflage of tanks, but here and there came splashes of colour from the Colonial forces, still permitted to retain their vivid uniforms, while later in the day the silver wings of aircraft flashing in the sun played foil to the lumbering mechanical monsters which had preceded them

A CHOLERA PLAGUE

And Other Aspects of the War in the Far East: Floo

A NEW TERROR SWEEPS THE FAR EAST: Men, women and children crowding round a vaccination van in Shanghai where, owing to the hot weather and the lapse of the usual precautions on account of the Sino-Japanese war, a cholera plague has broken out, claiming many hundreds of victims. In the second week of July alone 700 new cases were reported, the figures for the previous seven days being almost doubled. So far 2,000,000 people have been inoculated in Shanghai's foreign areas. The plague is fairly general throughout China

FIGHTING SHANGHAI'S PLAGUE: A Chinese nurse engaged in free vaccination work in the city, where the medical authorities have been battling feverishly to stem the spread of cholera by sending vaccination vans through the streets. By the time the epidemic is over it is estimated that at least 2,500 litres of vaccine will have been used in Shanghai alone. In the past, Chinese of the poorer classes have displayed a distinct aversion to inoculation, but this is not so now



ON THE ROME-TOKYO AXIS: Italian priests are here seen receiving an official visit from the Japanese after they had driven the Chinese from Suhsien. Italy and Japan are signatories of the anti-communist pact

A STORM CENTRE IN MID-JULY: A sketch map of the Yangtse war zone, the scene of considerable military activity during the past fortnight, whereas in other parts of China fighting has been desultory on account of the flood havoc. The Chinese-held Lion Hill forts, which command the Yangtse below Kiukiang and the entrance to Lake Poyang, were subjected to a terrific bombardment by the Japanese on July 14. At the same time the Chinese claimed to have inflicted heavy losses on the Japanese 6th Division in a violent counter-attack 40 miles north-west of Anking where the invaders have been held up for some time. Four more Japanese warships have been sunk by the Chinese, making the fabulous total of twenty-one in a fortnight

IN THE YELLOW RIVER ZONE: Japanese troops marching into Kaifeng, strategic city in their drive on Chengchow, after a hard struggle for possession. Fighting in this area has since been held up by the floods which on July 17 were reported to be growing rather deeper

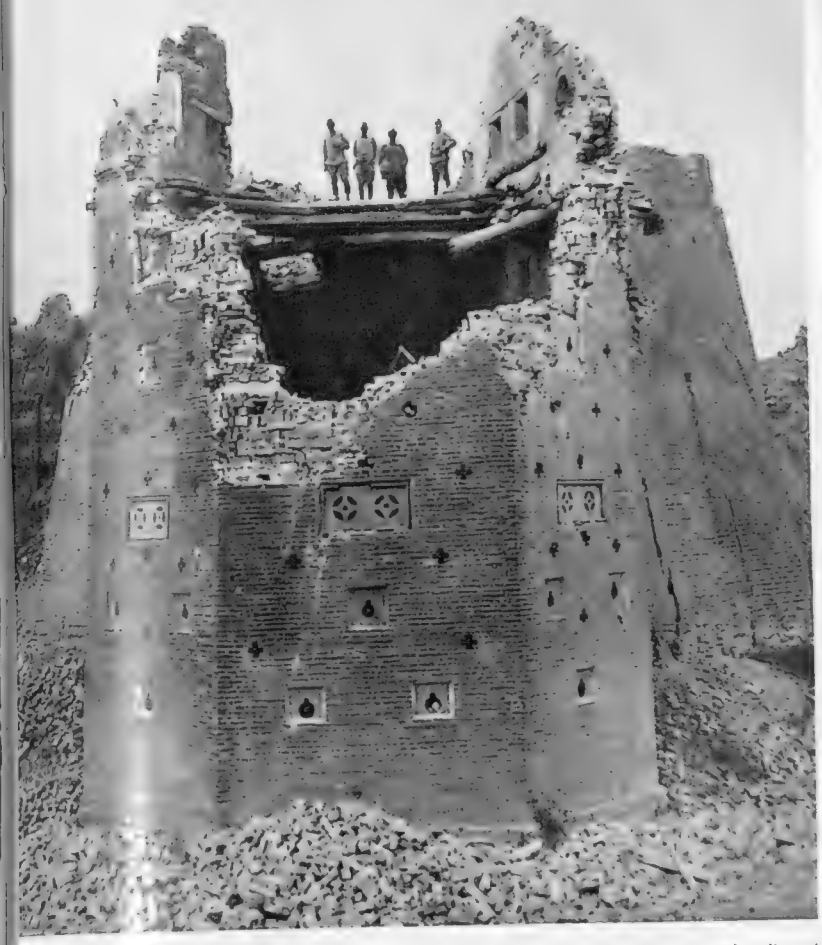
WHERE NATURE HAS INTERVENED: Japanese troops operating in the flooded Yellow River zone, in some parts of which fighting has been brought almost to a standstill

EXCEPT in one area the first three weeks of July were comparatively uneventful in so far as Sino-Japanese hostilities were concerned, and the floods, together with the severe cholera plague in Shanghai and elsewhere, continued to dominate news from the East.

The floods in the Yellow River basin brought fighting almost to a

HEIGHTENS CHINA'S TRAGEDY

Hold Up Fighting: Shanghai Cares For Newly-born Refugee Children



HERE CHINA MADE AN HEROIC STAND: Menghsien Fort in the Lunghai railroad zone pictured after it had been captured by the Japanese following a series of devastating attacks. When guns failed to reduce the stronghold, the invaders swooped down on it from the skies, bringing the upper structure to the ground with a rain of bombs. Note the piles of shattered masonry at the base of the building

UNCONSCIOUS OF THE STORM ABOUT HIM: Dr. Geneve K. Beatty, M.D., holding Amos Pan, the first baby to be born in the Shanghai Refugee Maternity Centre, an institution which has lately been opened by relief workers in order to combat the unusually large mortality among Chinese refugee women and children. Funds for the basic food for inmates are supplied by the Shanghai organisation of the International Red Cross

UNTROUBLED SLEEP: Eight newly-born babies at the Shanghai Refugee Maternity Centre which is doing such excellent work in checking the rapidly rising infant mortality figures

OVERLOOKED: Whenever the Chinese retreat it is their policy to lay waste the surrounding countryside in order to prevent crops falling into the hands of the enemy. For some reason or other this cornfield escaped destruction, and here we see Chinese harvesting the crop under the watchful eye of a bearded Japanese sentry. The invaders are extremely short of food at the present moment, and in southern Shansi they have in one or two cases been reduced to eating mules, cats, and dogs

standstill, at the same time causing serious embarrassment to the Japanese in possession of the strategic town of Kaifeng. On July 14 new breaches were reported in the dykes near the spot where the river changed its course in 1852, and as a result Kaifeng was completely surrounded by water which, on the east side of the town, sped past in a torrent 200 yards wide.

Farther south on the Yangtse front, the first weeks of July were marked by the bombardment of the Lion Hill forts commanding the river near Kiukiang, where the Chinese put up a most stubborn resistance. On July 20 the arrival of more Japanese transports at Hukow indicated that the offensive in that region was likely to be intensified.

Returning once again to the northern theatre of war, it would seem that southern Shansi, the province bounded on the west and south by the Yellow River, is a region where even more activity is soon to be expected and it was a matter of some significance last week when the Japanese army spokesman declared that it was "physically impossible" to clear Shansi of Chinese troops.

This unusually fine picture of Cape Town, Table Mountain, and, indeed, the whole Cape Peninsula from Green Point to the Cape of Good Hope, was taken from an aeroplane flying at a height of 15,000 ft. and shows the whole coast-line with map-like clarity as it has seldom, if ever, before been seen in a single panoramic view. The picture is of particular interest at the present moment in that it shows the manner in which those natural barriers, Table Mountain and the Lion's Head, hem in the city, preventing to a large extent its natural growth. It is for this reason that work has now been started on a gigantic scheme to reclaim a vast acreage from Table Bay and to build upon it broad thoroughfares, shops, and blocks of offices

THE CAPE PENINSULA

A Mighty Panorama Pictured from the Skies

The following article is by a correspondent just returned from Vienna. It gives an objective account of the situation there to-day and describes the methods by which the Nazis are completing the absorption of Austria and the Austrian's reaction.

CHEERLESS VIENNA

The Old Austrian Capital Robbed of its Vitality Under the New Regime

THE processes which led to the *Anschluss* now stand out fairly clearly and are being explained by the Viennese according to their present state of mind.

There is little doubt that German Nazis and Austrians understood different things by the *Anschluss*. The idea of a union of German-speaking people, with mutual economic advantages, but which would allow her a life after her own fashion, had been widely held in Austria ever since the war. It was imagined that German National-Socialism would make it a reality.

On their side the Germans were bent on establishing their system through a union firmly welded in every respect. The discrepancy between the two points of view was ignored; no modifications to suit Austrian tastes were admitted. Given their convictions, it is not surprising that the Germans find the Austrians unresponsive.

This conflict of aims has caused considerable dissatisfaction. The Viennese are free-thinking, racially intricate; they become obstinate if hustled; they resent German methods and German voices, so often rough and peremptory.

The Jews have been so long established in every domain of Viennese life that their sudden and inhuman dispersal has disturbed the capital profoundly. All decent Austrians are disgusted by the present persecutions of a community who have no means of redress. The fact that the more unbridled excesses have been committed by undisciplined young hot-heads has not absolved the Nazi Party of blame. The party alone is responsible for forbidding Jews to sit and sun themselves in the parks, for their exclusion from general hospitals, or for the dismissal of even war veterans from banks and businesses. The Viennese are shamed at having compulsorily to abandon former acquaintances.

The purge has also disorganised business. The former export trade, which was chiefly in Jewish hands, spread—with the ramifications of family ties—throughout Europe. This is now thrown out of gear and the new Reich markets which are promised have not yet been made available.

The stiffest outward resistance to the party is found in the party itself. The jealousies between *Illegales* and Legionaries threatened at one time to be crucial, but Herr Bürckel knows how to quell such backbitings. The party officials judge them for what they are worth and have often kept on servants of the old regime, provided they are Aryan and have now identified themselves with National Socialist interests.

The disproportion between the supply of well-paid, comfortable jobs, and the demand, is partly due to the fact that the Vienna administration is now being largely centralised in Berlin. The staffs required in Vienna will be smaller, nor will the work be so prominent. Thus many jobs are disappearing which were filled by the already trained, middle-aged man.

Having groused at taxes and regulations under the former Government, the Viennese now find that these have been either removed or altered and a new lot promulgated instead, which are every bit as onerous and often more complicated. Wages are fixed and so are prices, but, though no one can explain the cause, the prices are escaping the control and are, at the moment, on a higher level than wages. It is a sign of insecurity.

The Viennese workman has always enjoyed a grouse; he now has several. The price which National Socialism demands of its adherents in return for the certainty of work, for *Kraft Durch Freude* holidays, for bonuses, improved housing, etc., is higher than the Austrian working man wishes to pay. He is all for the Socialism, but less ready to sacrifice himself for the Nationalism. Already he is saying "This cannot last."

Provided he will pay the price and work at German standards, there is no need for a young Austrian to feel that he has no future. The openings in administrative jobs may be more limited, but there are many chances in the new and the reorganised industries. At the same time he has to work far harder, with the pressure of German determination behind him and with, so far, no increase in pay. If he is deported to Germany he again finds the work hard and the food inadequate. The new Labour Law is obviously unpopular.

The relation between Church and State has not outwardly altered since Cardinal Innitzer's declaration in April. One cannot doubt, however, that the Church's influence will gradually be undermined. The new Marriage Bill, though it is certainly in keeping with public opinion in most countries, nevertheless robs the Austrian Church arbitrarily of one of its prerogatives. In every village and district there is a representative of the party's interests who will keep the Church's influence under observation.

The dignity with which the nobility and landowner class have endured humiliations and privations is worthy of their tradition. Being generally Legitimists, they are singled out with the Jews to bear the full rigour of National Socialist dislike. For the sake of their children's future, and in order to save some vestiges of their familiar background, they are outwardly conforming

Externally, Vienna is a quiet and uninteresting town, empty of foreign visitors and enjoying no contact with the outside world. This is only a thin disguise over the actual scene. Suspicion and fear fill the lives of too many people for the effect not to intrude at all hours and in all places. The presence of the *Gestapo* lurks round every corner; few people are certain of being out of its reach; too many have known its swift relentless methods. Vienna is a town of whispers, of guarded telephone calls, of betrayals and broken loyalties.

So far Austria has only begun her social revolution. The persecutions, trade troubles and grumbling will probably only be temporary; the abolition of all that Austria stood for may be a permanency.

Germany is bent on a complete absorption—on sapping all vitality which might cause a rebirth of Austrian independent thought. A law abolishing the entailment of property will be brought into force from January 1, 1939, so that gradually property and fortunes will become dispersed. This will especially hit the landed gentry.

On the other hand, the principle of equality within the party gives all members equal chances and prevents certain spheres of activity being reserved for the rich or aristocratic. Not only a Jewish purge is transforming Vienna, but her hitherto exclusive social hierarchy of aristocracy, bourgeoisie, and proletariat is beginning to be levelled out. The efficient party member is all that is aimed at.

From being an *Anschluss* or amalgamation, the coup of last March is now referred to as the revolution. Austria is being allowed to contribute nothing. She has only to stand still while Prussianism sweeps her clean, then remoulds and reanimates her. It is useless to speculate on the strength of Austria's resistance; those who will finally decide her fate are still only children.

An interesting farmhouse built about the beginning of the eighteenth century at Asterby, Lincolnshire

CH
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The farmhouse seen above is in shape more Dutch than English. It was built about the beginning of the eighteenth century, probably by Dutch settlers who came over to England to work on the draining of the Fen districts. An interesting feature of this building is the three shallow brick arches round the windows. Their shadows make a good pattern on an otherwise flat front. This design is often seen in the smaller eighteenth-century streets of London. The arches then become a regular arcading which relieves the severity of the street front without interrupting its line.

KENTISH CAMEO

Despite the poor crop this year, raspberry picking is still continuing in the fruit fields. This picture of these three young pickers was taken near St. Mary Cray

c

1938
DUNLOP

Had it not been for John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre in 1888, even man's conquest of the air might have been long delayed. It was the DUNLOP tyre which made possible every form of smooth, swift progress on the ground or off it. More than that, DUNLOP Landing Tyres have contributed materially to the progressive development of aviation. Trust yourself only to the first and still foremost of all tyres—DUNLOP.

C.F.H.

YOUTH IN MIDDLE EUROPE

SLAV and MAGYAR

Girlhood Gaily-clad

Women of Yugoslavia, dark-eyed and vital, pictured at the recent Sokol festival in Prague where they appeared in all the glory of their much embroidered, traditional costumes

A pigtailed Magyar girl drawing water at the farmhouse well. Her bell-shaped skirt, embroidered blouse, and white stockings are typical of Hungarian national dress

CHILDREN OF THE WACHAU: Once they were Austrians, but with "the homecoming of the Oestmark" Germany is now their country, Berlin their capital, and Chancellor Hitler their Führer

CZECH CHILDREN AT CHURCH

Boys and Girls of the New Republic Join in a Sunday Service

ILFORD'S ANIMAL HOSP

TUDOR RUFF FOR A GREAT DANE: This dog patient at the Ilford Sanatorium of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals wears an outsize in collars to prevent him getting at his wound and undoing the work of the veterinary surgeon. Most of the cases at the Ilford centre are of a more or less serious nature

THE PONY HAS A FOOT-BATH: Another interesting case under treatment at the well-equipped Ilford Sanatorium of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, an organisation run on much the same lines as a great London hospital and productive of the most excellent results

CONVALESCENT: Two dogs out for their first walk on recovering from major operations. The protective collars over their necks prevent them touching their bandages. The Dispensary evidences the great attention that is being paid to-day to the subject of veterinary science, as a result of which animals are tending to live much longer. Only in extreme cases is painless destruction now regarded as a necessity

THE DAILY DRESSING: Here the vet.'s task would seem to be no easy on patients being in some cases highly temperamental. It has been however, that many dogs and horses seem to realise that the treatmen receive, hurtful though it is at the moment, is for their ultimate benefit.

PITAL: A Day at the Sanatorium of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals Where Modern Methods of Treatment Have Effected Many Remarkable Cures

DEALING WITH A BROKEN LEG: This dog had a compound fracture, so in order to determine the exact extent of the damage the veterinary surgeon at the People's Dispensary ordered an X-ray to be taken, the sanatorium's special portable camera being used. *Above on right*—This delightful little foal was born recently at the Dispensary

STUDYING ANIMAL ANATOMY: A class of veterinary students seen with animal bones during a lesson at the sanatorium where they learn both the theoretical and practical sides of animal medicine and surgery. The many and various cases that come before their notice naturally provide them with invaluable experience

THE MORNING PARADE: Every day the veterinary surgeon at the P.D.S.A. inspects all his patients, the animals being drawn up in the courtyard of the sanatorium. Those animals that are passed as fit to return to their owners are taken home in the ambulance which is seen drawn up in the background of the picture

...one, the ... found, ...ent they ... After a few daily dressings a pony will often stand comparatively still for the surgeon as he makes his daily round of inspection in the courtyard of the sanatorium. Such things as broken legs no longer present real difficulties for the animal doctor, whereas once horses and dogs so injured were immediately destroyed

CINDERELLA LIVES AGAIN

In the Enchanted World of Ballet: The Famous Fairy Story Told in Terms of Dancing

THE PRINCE ARRIVES AT THE BALL: M. Lichine in Michel Fokine's charming ballet *Cendrillon* which was presented with immense success at Covent Garden last week. Cinderella has been the heroine of countless pantomimes, more than one opera, and at least one film. Now we see her story told with exquisite grace in terms of dancing

IN A NEW MEDIUM: A close-up (*above*) and a general view (*above on right*) of the scene as Cinderella (Mlle Riabouchinska) arrives at the ball after the Fairy Queen has wrought her magic. This ballet version of the famous fairy story is superbly presented to the music of Frederic d'Erlanger

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

RECALLED: *Above*—The Fairy Princess (Mlle Grigorieva) arrives as the clock strikes and Cinderella must needs flee from the ball and from her Prince (M. Lichine), who is seen *on right* as he sets out on his search to find the owner of the slipper Cinderella left behind in her haste. Commenting on this delightful ballet *The Times* critic wrote last week: "It was a happy idea to rescue the story from the conventional eighteenth-century setting, and the designer is in her happiest mood amid medieval pomps and heraldic splendours. The settings and drop-curtains and, with one or two exceptions, the costumes are a continual delight to the eye. The whole conception shows a quite unusual sense of the theatre. This quality, too, is to be found in the music of Frederic d'Erlanger. Thus admirably supported, M. Fokine is able to tell the tale with that essential simplicity and unforced humour which are the most valued characteristics of his style"

IN GUIANA ONE DRINKS PIWARRI . . .*

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* Indian tribes of the Arowack, Acoway and the Caribs hollow out the trunk of a large tree into which they grate cassava root, making a very potent, sour, fermented liquor called piwarri. Closing time at the local tree finds Schweppes in great demand—as an antidote to "evil spirits," so to speak

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

At Tennis Parties you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

BIRD LIFE in HIGH SUMMER

The Elders at Last Released from Stern Parental Duty

". . . They watched the poppies burn across the grass,
And o'er the bindweed's bells the brown bee pass
Still murmuring of his gains. . . ."

A SUBTLE change is coming over the birdland people. By now, most of the elders have been released from their parental duties, as the greater part of the bird children have now attained an age where they can fend for themselves, with the exception of some of the later broods. These young folk may be encountered anywhere at this period of the year—bold in their independence, and relishing to the full the power and delight of their new-found strength and liberty.

Amid the close-leafed branches of the great oak tree within the copse, three youthful blackcaps are in play. They are slender little creatures, dressed in neutral tints, and their hoods—much resembling that worn by their mother—are, as yet, all uniform in chocolate colour. Presently they tire of their play, and spreading their wings they fly down in amongst the tall herbage, where, flitting from stem to stem, they doubtless find not a little that is to their liking.

Amongst this herbage one particular plant is strikingly evident. The hardy ragworts always flourish exceedingly wherever they choose to place themselves. They may be humble flowers, and their presence may not at times be very welcome; but despite these facts they are unquestionably arresting both in their height and in their hue. And all about the open stretches of this spot, where tree and bush and plant are left to grow at their own sweet will, the ragworts have their own way. On this gentle slope they stand in vast numbers, bringing the fine contrast of their vivid yellow in amidst the varied shades of green that now prevail on every side. The flowers are standing high, but they have another interest besides their brilliance. They attract to themselves caterpillars, which in due time develop into Cinnabar moths, which draw their nourishment from these plants. A close examination will reveal a considerable number of the caterpillars massed closely about the ragworts, and engaged in feeding greedily upon them. They have something of the hue of this flower—for they, too, are yellow, but with the addition of black bars about their bodies.

Close at hand yet another touch of yellow is to be seen in the shape of a yellowhammer as he sits basking and giving himself up to enjoyment of the sunshine. He has selected a bramble bush for his resting place, and as he perches there he gives voice, in unending and unvarying repetition, to his short quaint song—which always seems so essentially to be part of these long midsummer days. He is a true bunting, this small fellow in bright attire; and at the moment he appears to be appreciating the solitude of this quiet spot. Yet very soon the hour will come when he will seek out the companionship of his own kindred, and then he will join in with the flocks of other birds, to feed and roam with them about the countryside.

The young green corn is deepening into gold, and when the light breeze touches upon it the two colours flicker in alternating shades. And through the swaying stalks a glimpse may here or there be caught of a gayer tint—where some blossom has crept in to take a place amid the grain. In this fashion are the several hues of scarlet and sapphire—of purple and topaz—brought into the scene by the poppy and cornflower—by the cockle and the marigold. A few of the birdfolk are also to be met with here. The corncrake is perhaps the most elusive of all of these, for he is very quiet in his movements. He has just at this moment taken up his position at the edge of the standing corn; preparatory to disappearing once more within its thickness. A strange-looking creature is this bird, for his body is shaped somewhat like a wedge. His wings are of a chestnut shade, and about his flanks are bars of tawny hue, whilst his back is streaked with dusky brown.

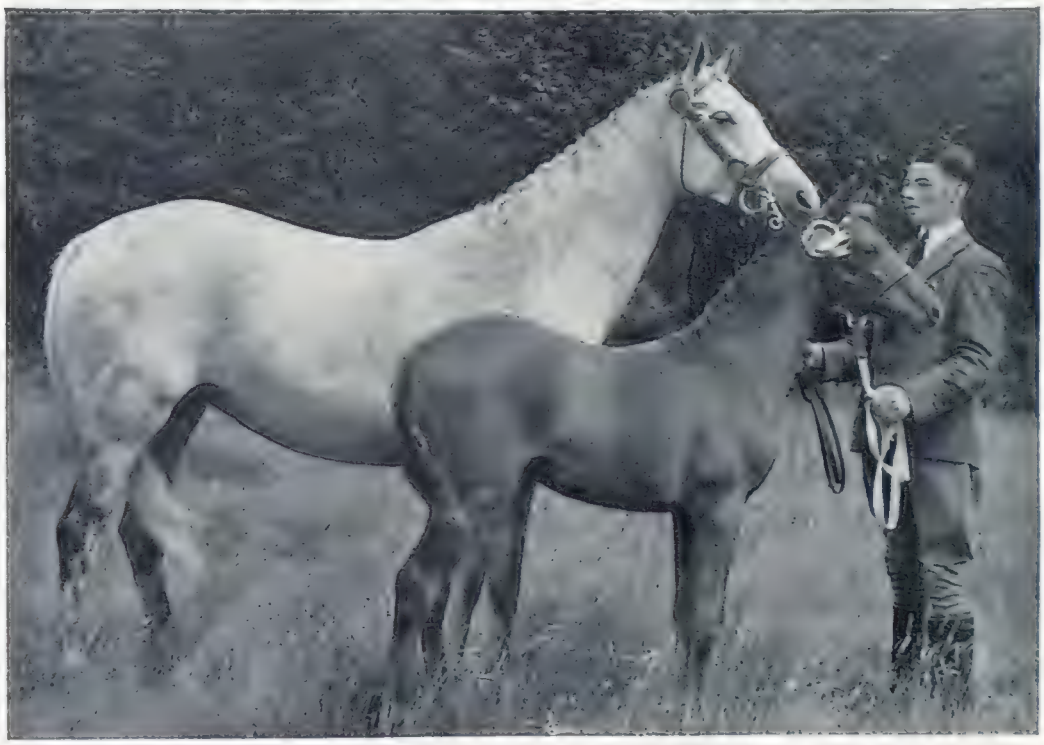
Only for a short space of time does he allow himself to be seen—and then he is away; and nothing but a slight stir amongst the tall stems shows where he has passed. His voice is somewhat harsh in its tone, and he has the power of throwing it wheresoever he desires, making it difficult to gauge his exact position. Deep in the far recesses of the cornfield are his wife with their young ones, towards whom he is now engaged in making his way. She, too, has a colour scheme of chestnut and brown ash, very like that of her mate, which blends completely with the surroundings which they have chosen for their home.

Just after the corncrake has removed himself from view, a small brown bird flies leisurely across the field and settles himself upon the hedge which separates it from the pastures that lie beyond.

This is one of the yellowhammer's first cousins—the corn bunting. There is no outward resemblance, however, between the two, for the latter is very plain in his attire, which consists of a mixture of dull ochre and various shades of brown, and he is somewhat clumsy in his build. He has perched himself upon a twig, from which point of vantage he can keep a watch upon his youthful family—also a late brood—who are feeding at no great distance from their old and now discarded nursery.

Muriel Haywood

YOUTH TAKES STOCK: Mr. J. Egerton Quested's prize-winning ram (*left*) and the dual prize-winning heifer Broadheath Pride III. (*right*), pictured with young admirers at the Tunbridge Wells and South Eastern Counties Agricultural Show at Tunbridge Wells. The season of agricultural shows is now in full swing, and owners of pedigree herds all over the country are reaping the reward of long months of patient work



ENGLAND CARRIES OFF A WELSH PRIZE: Mrs. Coe's Tea Rose and her foal by Falconeri were both successful at the Cardiff Royal Show, the former being declared champion in the polo pony brood-mare class

THE VOGUE FOR HORSEBACK HOLIDAYS: A party of South Wales business girls riding through the Usk valley, Monmouthshire, during their vacation, which they are spending in the saddle. The Welsh Marches, with their pleasant lanes and unfrequented bridle paths where cars cannot go, are ideal for the purpose

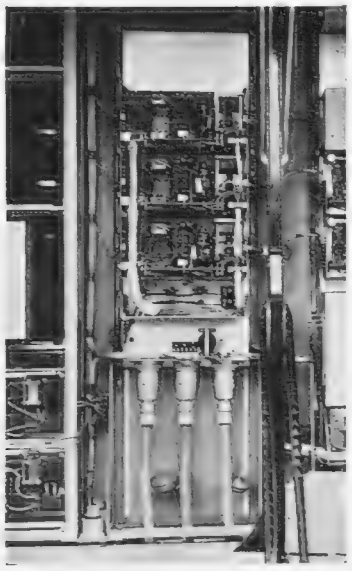
TOP OF THE CLASS: The Earl of Feversham, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, presenting Miss Ruth Philips with the silver salver which is awarded every year at Swanley Agricultural College, Kent, to the student who gains the highest aggregate of marks in the diploma examination. This was Swanley's 50th Speech Day

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

Television, in its Giant Strides, Makes Sport a Reality in the Home

WATCHING a Test match from the homely comfort of one's own armchair gives the thrills which come with taking part in a miracle, until the clearness of the pictures and the sense of being right on the spot wipes out all other sensations and one sits back and enjoys the game.

These outside television broadcasts, which started with the triumphant picturing of the whole of the Coronation procession, are undoubtedly the most popular of anything which the magicians of Alexandra Palace give us. The Derby is now child's play to them; the Boat Race they hope to give in its entirety next year. We have seen the Wimbledon tennis finals, big fights, polo, football finals (both Rugby and Association); in fact, all the big sporting events of the year have been brought right into our homes.



THROUGH THESE THE SIGNALS FLOW: The three cables here depicted are the vital leads connecting the television cameras engaged on an outdoor recording with the mobile control van. From the van the signals are relayed to Alexandra Palace, G.H.Q. of television, and thereafter they are passed on to the owners of television sets who, *mirabile dictu*, have only to switch on to take their share in this modern-day miracle

Those who have not seen any of these triumphs talk about the "smallness of the pictures." Those who have only witnessed demonstrations in some shop or hall perhaps have the same impression of smallness. The pictures are small but the remarkable thing about them is that they are quite large enough for comfortable viewing at about a distance of six feet in the home, and looking at them we forget all about television and smallness and everything else except what is going on. This illusion and the fact that we see far more of the game, whatever it is, than we can do even in the best seats is due to the wonderful new cameras—the Emitrons or "electrical eyes"—which the B.B.C. television engineers are now using.

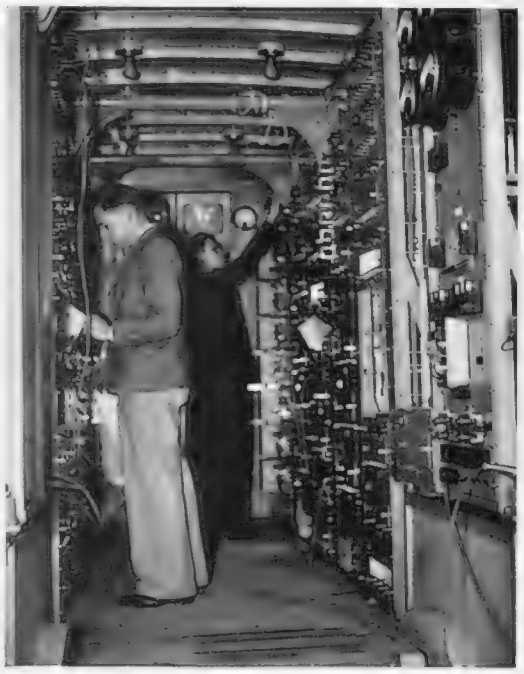
The first-Emitrons were very like the human eye, some of the new ones are like the human eye with a telescope in front of it. That is the best description in simple terms. The technical details of these cameras are rather overwhelming, for they are very complicated pieces of apparatus—just as complicated as the human eye, with the addition of all the electrical apparatus which takes the place of the nerves between eye and brain.

In the eye the picture is received on a screen made up of tiny nerve ends called "rods and cones." These tiny particles of sensitive body-tissue are made active by light, and transmit an impulse, probably by electrical means, along the nerves to the brain, which translates the aggregate of impulses into a picture. It builds the picture up instantly from the mass of impulses. It comprehends light and shade, perspective, movement, and colour.

The television camera gives us all this, except colour, in such a way that it can be sent out into the ether and picked up and shown in a receiver. The sensitive screen has the picture in focus on it, but nothing man has yet invented can send the picture as one whole. It has to be sent spot by spot and built up again spot by spot.

The size and weight of the cameras can be judged from the illustrations. Though they do nearly all that the human eye can do, they have to be very bulky indeed to do it. And the apparatus that enables them to work is also very bulky. It occupies two or three big vans.

The most important of these vans—it is the size of a large motor coach—is the mobile control room. In it are two receivers that show exactly what the cameras are looking at. The cameramen, looking through their viewfinders, point their lenses as they are told by the control engineer. The cameramen have telephone head sets over their ears and through these they take their instructions.



THE BRAINS BEHIND THE TELEVISION EYE: At work in the control room of a television recording unit

Their work requires not only a great deal of technical skill in managing the huge electric eyes, but also extraordinary quickness of brain. Consider the televising of the first Test match. Three cameras were at work. One, with a telephoto lens, was on the bowler. Another, also with a telephoto lens, was on the batsman. Both pictures were shown on the Monitor receivers in the control van. No. 1 cameraman followed the bowler as he walked back to his mark and then came back with him right up to the moment of his delivery of the ball, swinging past to show the ball in flight if possible. No. 2 cameraman was concentrated on the batsman, ready to follow him if he ran or to show a quick bit of fielding or a catch close to the wicket. He did this very tricky job, too, on more than one occasion.

If the cameramen have to think and act quickly the control engineer has to be even quicker with mind and hand. He is really the "producer" and on him depends exactly what we see sitting in our homes. As the ball is delivered he has to fade out No. 1 camera and fade in No. 2 to show the batsman taking the ball. Occasionally, he will fade-in his third camera to show the whole field or let it wander round the stands to give us a sight of our brother spectators in the grounds. One or other of the cameras must always be ready to follow a batsman to the stand when he is out and to show the incoming batsman and the scoreboard.

The only possible rehearsals of these outside picture broadcasts are of a purely technical nature to see that the cameras are rightly placed and that everything is working properly. On the football field the fades have to be from individuals to the whole or a portion of the field. In polo the same kind of thing is done. In lawn tennis we get the individuals and the whole court from different angles. The work of the cameramen and the producer requires constant concentration. Mental rather than physical strength is demanded of these miracle workers. The cameras are easy to swing

(*Continued on page 200*)

RECORDING THE DERBY: A television operator adjusting his camera at Epsom when preparing to take a picture of the winner passing the post

CONSTANT CONCENTRATION is required of the operator as he focusses his television camera on the players, swinging it this way and that in order to get the most effective shots, and all the while listening through his earphones to the instructions given by the "producer" in the mobile control van. This picture was taken during the televising of the final of the 1938 Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon

WHERE THE CONTROL ENGINEER WORKS HIS MAGIC: The interior of a television van showing the screens on which are recorded the pictures taken by the cameramen during an outside broadcast. It is the producer's task to fade these in and out in accordance with their interest value

WHOLLY PERSONAL

Some Social and Sporting Events of the Past Week

GARDEN PARTY AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: H.R.H. the Princess Royal receiving the guests at last week's function held while the King and Queen were engaged on their historic visit to Paris

SHE TICKLED HIS TOES when making friends with this youngster at Lochrin Nursery School. The Duchess of Kent pictured during her Edinburgh visit

OWEN NARES' SON WEDS: Mr. David Nares and Miss Jane Thompson, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Thompson, leaving St. James's, Piccadilly, after their marriage. *On right*—The Duke of Buccleuch (centre of group), brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, explaining the re-afforestation scheme he is carrying out on his own estate to members of the Royal English Forestry Society who paid a visit to his home at Boughton, near Kettering, Northamptonshire, during the course of their annual summer meeting at Leicester

WOMEN AS POLO EXPONENTS: Miss S. M. Rolt (*left*) arriving with her gear and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon (*right*) drinking from the cup on Ladies' Polo Final day at Hurlingham where the "Grimsthorpe" team beat the "Oddments" in a keenly contested and at times thrilling match. Women's polo, within its necessarily limited bounds, has gained vastly in favour of recent years

A 2,400-YEAR-OLD PLAY WITH A STRONG TOPICAL FLAVOUR: The women of Athens show their contempt for the portly magistrate (D. G. Milford) who has come to the Acropolis to reason with them and, if possible, deflect them from their resolve to defy their menfolk by refusing them conjugal rights until such time as they agree to cease hostilities and to parley with Sparta. A scene from the English version of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* which has been presented with notable success at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, the leading parts being taken by Gladys Cooper, Greta Gynt, Ellen Pollock, and Philip Merivale

GREEK tragedy, even via Professor Gilbert Murray, whom I once read on a sunny bank near Mycenae (which is in the heart of the Sybil Thorndike country) has never, I fear, been my cup of tea, any more than it has been Mr. Max Beerbohm's; while performances in the original tongue are reminiscent of school Speech Days, which render me speechless and dazed with boredom. As for Greek comedy, I recall pretending to think in distant O.U.D.S. activities that *The Clouds* of Aristophanes was pricelessly witty and amusing; but riper judgment leads me to pronounce, honestly if erroneously, that murder and incest, which are the foundation of much Greek tragedy, are, on the whole, funnier. *Lysistrata*, revived at the Open Air Theatre, is an exception which proves no sort of rule, but does prove that a comic idea hit upon by Aristophanes nearly 2,400 years ago still has possibilities in a world disturbed by war now as it was then. "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier" was the song of pacifist mothers not so many years ago as that.

The ladies of *Lysistrata* clung to a more comprehensive version and declared, it will be remembered, that if their menfolk would not stop fighting they themselves would put away any possibility of having boys to raise for any job by what is politely known as denying their husbands certain domestic rights. The men, in short, had to be either martial or marital.

Of course, much of *Lysistrata* is improper, and had the actual words of Aristophanes been spoken it would have been more improper still. I fancy not a few males among the audience may remember, as precocious youngsters, dashing to a lexicon out of school hours to discover precisely why certain passages were officially declared to be not worth studying.

Fortunately we get our *Aristophanes* in Regent's Park from Mr. Benjamin Bickley Rogers, whose translation is sound, trettal, and as near as possible to what one can only guess to have been the spirit of the original. If at times it is also as near the knuckle as possible *tant mieux*. One scene is not near the knuckle but the knuckle itself, so Miss Greta Gynt and Mr. Philip Merivale play it in a silence as discreet as may be. Miss Gynt has not been on the London stage long, but has already made a hit in an oddly assorted trio of entertainments—a circus play at the New, an intimate revue at the Royalty, and now *Aristophanes* among the aeroplanes and laurel bushes, which must make her native fjords seem a dence of a long way off.

On left—GLADYS COOPER AS THE INTREPID LEADER OF THE ATHENIAN WOMEN in their revolt against their menfolk for continuing to prosecute a wearisome war. Miss Cooper's Lysistrata is a really brilliant performance, revealing in turn, humour, dignity, passion, and savage irony

Miss Gladys Cooper in the title rôle brought out to the full every aspect of a really fat and glorious part, for *Lysistrata* has humour, dignity, passion, savage irony, tenderness, nobility and everything a competent actress can demand, and Miss Cooper is far more than competent. This is an even better performance than her Olivia of the previous week. Her voice, resonant, distinct and wholly beautiful, has lost that touch of hardness it used occasionally to show. Mr. Merivale, having acquitted himself well as Prospero, who, with Wotan and King Mark ranks among the Greater Stage Bores, did even better in a lighter vein. For I suppose the baulked husband will always be regarded as a figure of fun.

"Cendrillon."—*Cinderella* has returned to Covent Garden, this time as a ballet. The last production of the immortal fairy story here was in the form of an Arthur Collins pantomime, and a very good pantomime it was, with Marie Blanche, Mabel Green, the Egbert Brothers and Harry Claff, who used to get himself up like Lohengrin and, what is more, sing better than a good many Lohengrins I have heard in this very theatre. M. Fokine has introduced some pantomimic humour into his ballet in the form of the two ugly sisters, played by M. Ladre and M. Algeranoff. Sadly, however, did I miss the ancient joke, the veritable *clou* of the humour of at least a dozen *Cinderella* pantomimes:—

FIRST UGLY SISTER: "Oh, dear, I can't get my foot into the crystal slipper!"

SECOND UGLY SISTER: "You! you couldn't get your foot into the Crystal Palace!"

This, alas, was not to be, because (*a*) the Crystal Palace is no more and (*b*) the introduction of dialogue into ballets simply isn't cricket. And so for humour I had to wait until the next morning, when a revered critical colleague informed the world that *Cendrillon* was "none other than our old friend *Cinderella*, duly Gallicised, for ballets, like menus must apparently be presented in French." I trust Perrault bore this in mind when he wrote the original yarn, published in his native Paris in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth (whom I suppose I should duly Gallicise like a menu, as Louis Quatorze).

The story is followed fairly closely and it would not have made much difference had it been followed hardly at all. But Buttons and Dandini and the Baron (except in the capacity of composer) have gone and in their place we have the Cat, borrowed from *Dick Whittington* or, maybe, from *Puss in Boots*, except that the deliciously feline Mlle Koussezova did not wear boots. And the "principal boy" is not a girl but a real boy, in the person of M. Lichine, much more agile than most princes, charming or otherwise, just as Mlle Grigorieva, the

DRAMA and BALLET

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

Good Fairy, was much better than most fairies I have met. To Mlle Riabouchinska, however, must go the largest bouquets. As I remarked last week, this girl, always an exquisite dancer, is now a perfect mime-actress, with pathos and comedy alike at her command, and here she has scope for both. Mlle Gontcharova's decor and costumes furnish some vividly effective colour schemes. She has discarded the seventeenth-century convention and has reverted to medievalism, the pictures achieved frequently having a sort of heraldic beauty about them.

I enjoyed, not without qualification, Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's music, because it is pretty music, and I am not ashamed to admit that I like pretty music, particularly in ballets. But in a longish ballet such as this prettiness is apt to cloy, just as *marrons glacés* for every course at a banquet would cloy. Besides, though he always says it charmingly, the Baron has not very much to say, and here he seems to be saying over and over again what he already said in his previous and equally charming ballet, *Les Cent Baisers*. [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

FOILED: Kinesias (Philip Merivale) seeks out his wife Myrrhina (Greta Gynt) and tries to make her break the vow of continence she has sworn in common with the other women of Athens. Myrrhina raises his hopes by trifling with him for a while and then unceremoniously makes her exit. Miss Gynt's acting is first rate and has been widely praised

THE FEMALE CHORUS with its running commentary and interchange of banter with the male chorus essentially belongs to the farcical element in the genius of Aristophanes

Scenes from the Open Air Theatre Production of "Lysistrata"

Special "Sphere" picture

On right—RESISTING THE ATTACK ON THE ACROPOLIS: The women of Athens led by Myrrhina (Greta Gynt) and Lysistrata (Gladys Cooper) hold at bay the magistrate's Scythian minions

For the SOUTH OF FRANCE

A Page for Women

Like a Summer Sky

Celestial blue, patterned with white, as clear and pure as a summer sky, that is the colour scheme of this simple but quite perfectly cut Lelong suit, its jacket neatly edged with embroidered medallions and its blouse and hat in a matching blue silk

Shantung is a Summer Favourite

There is no more popular fabric this summer than shantung, and on the left is one of Creed's impeccably-tailored suits in natural coloured shantung. It has one breast pocket and another just above the waist, and there is a suggestion of phantasy in the fringed hat, the petal-cuffed gloves, and the dorothy bag

The bolero, launched in the early spring, has firmly established itself, and below its newest adaptation is seen. Chanel makes it in white guipure lace, fitting it closely to the waist and giving it important puff sleeves. The dress is of black marocain, and the headdress is composed of taffeta ribbon

Feminine Bolero—Masculine Pockets

Panelled Brilliance on White Tulle

As delicate as a dream, but with all the vivid sophistication that the modern world demands, this white tulle Chanel dress has cherry red and vivid blue panels encrusted under the streamers of the sash, tied in a double bow at the waist. Bows are starred for autumn

On the left is a dress that combines the sweet simplicity of white chiffon with the never-failing éclat of black lace. Patou shirres the chiffon from the corsage to well below the hips, confirming the corselet line of the summer, and softly drapes the waist

Drama in bronze and gold is shown on the right. Here Patou takes pale grey-yellow crepe and swathes it about the body in a line that is purely Egyptian, the effect heightened by the gold scarab at the base of the neck. The magnificent cape, with its superbly flowing lines, is of bronze velvet

Figure-flattering Black and White

'PLANE JANES: How American Girls Are Trained As Air Hostesses

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: This is Dorothy Miller, a typical graduate of the Transcontinental Western Air Company's School for Air Hostesses at Kansas City, Missouri, where girls between 21 and 26 are trained for the exacting task of looking after the needs of passengers on long-distance flights

SOME WHYS AND WHEREFORES: Instructress Hiatt (third from right) explaining the intricacies of a 1,200 h.p. Curtiss-Wright engine to the girls whom she is training to be air hostesses and who have to know much about aeronautics in order to satisfy the seemingly unending curiosity of passengers. There is no limit, indeed, to the general knowledge they require for their job

THE FLYING SCHOOL HOUSE: Instructress Hiatt calls the roll as the would-be air hostesses arrive for their afternoon class, which consists entirely of practical work. On board this £25,000 air-liner the girls assiduously practise the many and various duties of a hostess in actual working conditions

On left—THERE'S A KNACK IN IT: An air hostess-to-be essaying the task of converting a compartment into a comfortable sleeping berth—a job that has to be done with the utmost dispatch during flights in order to cause passengers the minimum of inconvenience

On right—TRAINING DAYS ARE OVER: Student hostess Zanover smiles radiantly as the tailor runs the tape about her shapely waist when preparing to make her uniform. Soon she will be going aloft and putting into practice all she has learnt during her intensive period of ground training at the Kansas City headquarters of the Transcontinental Western Air Company. Every hostess has to have had a short hospital training and must come within certain defined height and weight limits

EXTENDING A GREAT ENTERPRISE: A view of Sadler's Wells Theatre showing in the background the new annexe in course of construction. It will contain much-needed rehearsal and ballet practice rooms

GETTING READY FOR THE AUTUMN: The new building under construction at the rear of Sadler's Wells. Owing to the success of the theatre there have up to now been insufficient rehearsal rooms and the congestion behind the scenes has made things difficult for players and producers. The extension was, indeed, essential

MODERNITY IN BRICK: The new laboratory for the Metropolitan Water Board now nearing completion in Rosebery Avenue, next door to Sadler's Wells Theatre

FOR EVER-THIRSTY LONDON: Looking down on the reservoir from the roof of the Metropolitan Water Board's handsome new laboratory near Sadler's Wells

Changes in the Sadler's Wells District

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

D. H. LAWRENCE AT LAST FINDS A REAL BIOGRAPHER

Knud Merrild's Account of Their Life Together on a New Mexico Ranch

By VERNON FANE

BY a distinguished contemporary, David Herbert Lawrence has been called the one authentic genius of our generation. In the short time since he died many books have been written about him—almost too many—and all by people over whose lives he had a profound influence.

Mr. Knud Merrild is a Danish painter who, in 1923, spent a winter with the Lawrences on their ranch in New Mexico. Lawrence and his wife lived in one small wooden house; Mr. Merrild and a compatriot of his in another, even more primitive, place at a few yards distance.

The winter was hard, they melted snow laboriously when they were short of water, and Mr. Merrild shot rabbits, under protest from Lawrence, when the larder was getting empty. In these conditions of forced intimacy a real friendship grew up between the Danes and the Lawrences. For the practical essentials of living they were all dependent upon each other, and each had his allotted work in home-making.

Lawrence, who was physically frail, was not equal to some of the heavier work that their surroundings demanded, and Mr. Merrild appreciated Lawrence's cooking, and was grateful for Frieda's housewifely touches.

The most remarkable thing, and the quality which makes **A POET AND TWO PAINTERS** (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) the most human of the Lawrence memoirs yet published, is the author's objective view of a friendship with a genius which yet succeeds in putting that complex character in a clear unemotional light. "Whether we could define it or not, we called our relation with him friendship. In spite of what he might say or do, we felt he was a true friend. Friendship with him was like any other real friendship and yet very different . . . we had a curious feeling of security about it."

Lawrence's character, his integrity, his bursts of temper, and his deep love for humanity interested Mr. Merrild at that time and subsequently enough for him to have made notes of conversations, all of which have the genuine ring. "I have not attempted a critical literary study," he writes in his preface, "nor a psycho-analysis of Lawrence. I have kept to narrative, as far as I can, about our daily life and its happenings, and when I write of thoughts and ideas, I have let Lawrence speak . . . to quote Lawrence is to quote his books. To know him read his books."

This is an interesting theory which I think the author has justified by including long passages from the novels and essays as they might have arisen in discussion. It is, he says, the same Lawrence who speaks and writes. Therefore, why trust to a fallible memory more than is absolutely necessary?

The method of interpolation could have been awkwardly handled, especially as the author is writing in a foreign language, but the artist in Mr. Merrild arranges his material harmoniously and with an eye to composition. Lawrence emerges more in the semblance of a human being than in any other book I have read about him. "And I said to myself, 'I'll be darned, that fellow Lawrence knows everything. I'll bet he knows the names of Confucius' second cousins, and the faithless Clytemnestra's lover, and the Latin names of the wild flowers. He does know how to skin a rabbit.'"

There is a refreshing absence of apotheosis, iconoclasm or hysteria about this memoir, and it is the only book about him which I feel Lawrence would have read without impatience. There is a preface by Mr. Aldous Huxley.

The prophet who wrote Ecclesiasticus found lines of infinite comfort to mothers, and they have inspired the title of Miss Joanna Cannan's new novel, **PRINCES IN THE LAND** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). "Instead of your fathers you shall have children, and they shall be princes in the land," he wrote, and with this text in view the author has written a saga of disillusion.

Pat Crispin had been an impetuous, rather ugly little girl, a rider of unbroken colts and a nursery terror, the favourite of her grandfather, old Lord Waveney. When he died she found herself engaged to an impecunious young Scot, Hugh Lindsay, who could offer her as compensation for her earlier luxurious life only the amenities of a little house in a Glasgow suburb and the care of three lusty babies.

The Pat of schoolgirl days had to choose between a tremendous adjustment or a failure of a marriage. The adjustment wins, and the girl who could "hunt a provincial pack" becomes a conscientious housekeeper and a knitter of family socks. Years later, with the children past adolescence and her husband an unsatisfactory and conventionally dreamy professor at Oxford, Pat reviews her life, her children for whom she has existed, and the reward that their devotion gives her.

This being a novel of actuality and not romance, one is not surprised to see the handsome young son (destined for the army) make a ruinous marriage, the pretty horsey daughter take a job as chauffeuse, and the young intellectual son adopt the hearty methods of a certain religious revivalist movement.

With these crushing disappointments, Miss Cannan would have us believe that Pat finds some peace of spirit in rescuing a child from a fire and buying an old hunter, an escape for the spirit and a consolation for the flesh. As the history of a life-long compromise it is effective without being reassuring. A sensitive piece of work.

There is only one moment of real horror in **A FASHION IN SHROUDS** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), but that, as readers of contemporary detective fiction will recognise, is generous measure. Cerebration, more and more, takes the place of thrills and the buckets-of-blood school has a dwindling popularity.

So that when Miss Margery Allingham makes her reader glance back over the shoulder "as if he thought some fearful thing did close behind him tread" she has very neatly combined in one situation the honest chill of the old-fashioned shocker with the subtleties of reasoning that her colleagues, Miss Sayers and Mr. Van Dine, have taught us to expect.

Miss Allingham, too, is quite whole-hearted about her murders. One, she rightly decides, would be a poor allowance for a book of more than 400 pages, so she cheerfully does to death young legal lights, distinguished soldiers, and beautiful mannequins. She knows the value of a well-served red herring, and how to maintain the scent of its trail.

I have always had a theory that the best crime fiction is the better for a leavening of humour. There is a dramatic convention that horror should be pointed by comic relief, as the greatest of all playwrights has demonstrated. Miss Allingham has a robust sense of the absurd as well as a very nice way with an unexpected corpse. Moreover, she knows something of the arts and crafts of novel writing, and that is rare enough among those who deal in murder for royalties.

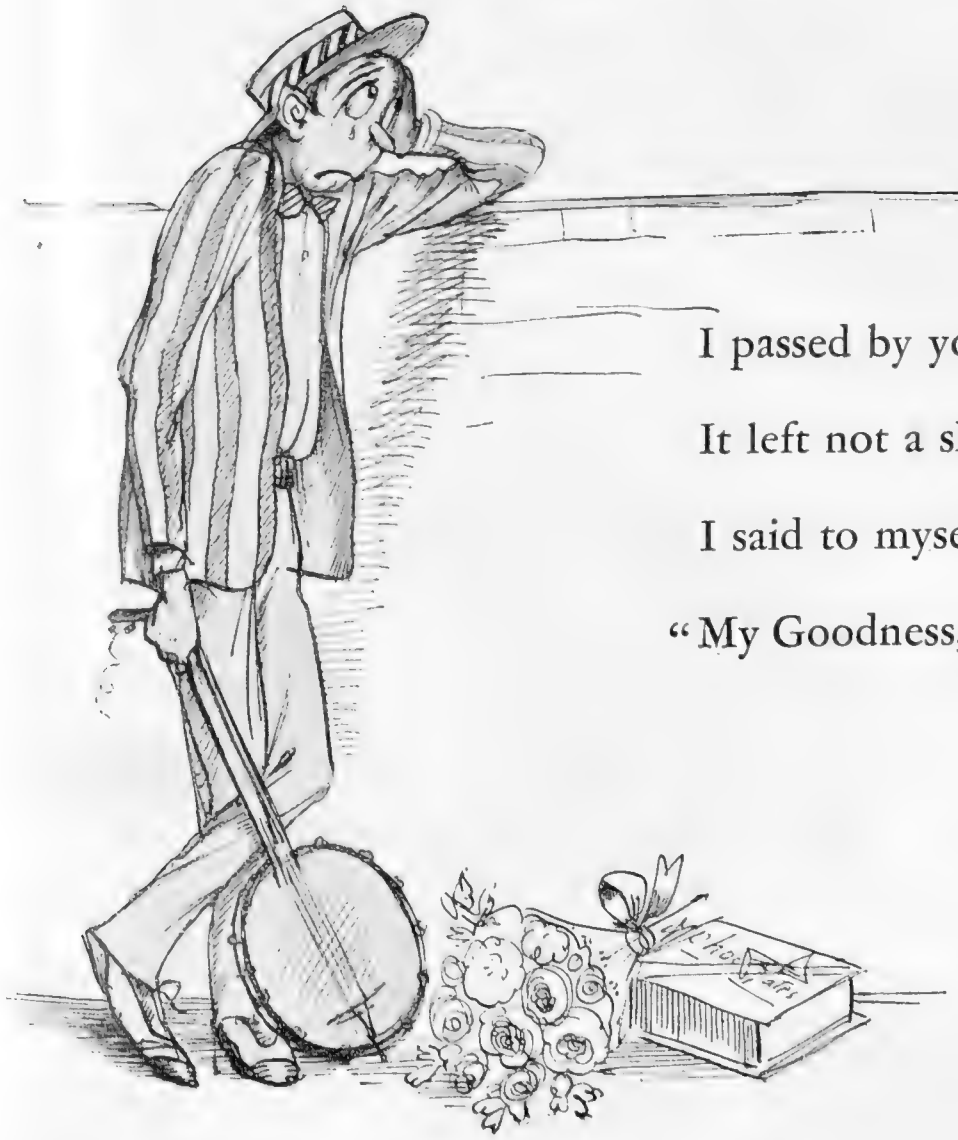
Among the mythical cities of the world in the early years of the last century was Timbuctoo. It was rumoured to be situated about the head waters of the Niger with the dread Sahara desert to the north. Fabulous stories of gold being transported thence from Africa's darkest interior and being traded there by Arab caravans from the north were told in European cities, but no white man had ever set foot in Timbuctoo.

In the year 1827 a young Frenchman named René Caillié set out from a point on the Guinea coast and joined a caravan in native disguise, pretending to be a Muhammadan. From that moment on he made a journey of 3,000 miles through unmapped country, with no geographical instruments and no scientific knowledge. He had made the journey entirely on his own initiative; he had no backing; received no aid of any sort, and during his whole voyage had not spoken to a white man.

He was a small man physically and had almost no education. "He had crossed mountains, brush, forest and swamp, had lain near death for half a year in a savage hut, had ridden the Niger in a huge native canoe, had wormed his way into secret, hostile Timbuctoo and remained there fifteen days, had dragged himself across the terrible Sahara in midsummer, and had made his way with infinite danger through fanatical Morocco to the Atlantic coast."

He went with the certain knowledge that if he were caught in Timbuctoo he would be murdered. Laing, the Scot who reached it twenty months before Caillié, was killed. So hazardous was African exploration in those days that it was regarded as almost suicide. Mungo Park had not been able to make a quarter of the distance even on his second and fatal journey. Clapperton also fell a victim on a less extended tour.

The story of René Caillié's extraordinary exploit has never before been told in English. Mr. Galbraith Welch sets it down vividly in **THE UNVEILING OF TIMBUCTOO** (Gollancz. 16s.). Not only is it a fascinating story of a man who achieved the apparently impossible with every handicap, but it is written with a real feeling for the indomitable and very human spirit which blazed a trail which no white man was to follow for sixty-five years.



I passed by your window and glanced at the blind;

It left not a shadow of doubt in my mind.

I said to myself, and myself quite agreed:

"My Goodness, a Guinness! that's just what I need."

This is only a shadow of the original

but—

there's nothing like a

Guinness

G.E. 771

"DID YOU SEE THAT SHELL ADVERTISEMENT?" is almost a conversational gambit these days, such is the touch of originality and such the technical quality of many of the posters the Shell people are putting before the public. This quite striking example has been on show at the Exhibition of Advertising Art which closes to-day (July 30) at Shell-Mex House

DANGEROUS SPEEDS

A Candid Notice from Messrs. Rolls-Royce which Points out the Perils of Continuous High Speed

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE received a notice from the firm of Rolls-Royce Limited which is so unusual that I think it would interest all my readers if I were to quote it in full:—

"When one escapes from the twisty, constricted roads of the British Isles to the long, straight, motor roads which are being introduced all over the Continent, there is a very strong temptation to take advantage of the possibilities of continuous high speed which open before one. To do so, however, is to court trouble, a fact which our Continental neighbours have already taken to heart. That this is so is evidenced by the restraint with which the roads in question are being used by experienced Continental drivers.

"Even in high-speed motor racing, continuous high speeds are never possible, as hazards in the form of corners and bends are purposely introduced to test the skill of the driver, such bends incidentally also preventing the engine from being wrecked by continuous high-speed driving. The same factors apply to aeroplane engines; obviously in this sphere there is nothing to restrict the pilot other than engine limitations, but experience has shown that it is necessary in the interests of engine life to restrict the power output of an aeroplane engine to round about 65 per cent. of its maximum, whilst engine revolutions are also strictly controlled, as only by such methods can reliability and public safety be secured. In view of the hard facts outlined above, it is obviously in the interests of our customers that we draw attention to the danger of excessive engine wear introduced by the specialised motor roads, and such a warning would not be complete without indicating clearly the maximum speed at which our cars can be run continuously under such conditions. The speeds in question are: For the Phantom III 75–80 m.p.h., for the Phantom II 70–75 m.p.h., for the 25–30 h.p. 65–70 m.p.h. and for the 20–25 h.p. 60–65 m.p.h. Speeds of this nature will not cause unnecessary wear and tear, but if higher speeds than these are maintained then the engine must invariably suffer, however well designed or constructed it may be."

This warning, which I doubt if any other British manufacturers would have the courage to issue, reminds us that these specially constructed motor roads on the Continent have their disadvantages as well as their merits. It is just as well that we should remember this whilst we are agitating for their construction in this country. In addition to being detrimental to the average car if continuous high speeds are indulged in, it is just as well not to forget that they are frequently extremely ugly, and driving on them removes much of the joy of motoring as we know it to-day. When, therefore, we plead for their introduction we must realise that when they are constructed, if ever, they will merely enable us to get from one town to another in the shortest space of time and with the least risk of accident. When we wish to go for a pleasurable run we must drive on our existing roads, and if necessary saunter along the picturesque by-ways.

Messrs. Rolls-Royce Limited are perfectly correct, for nothing is more certain to cause serious trouble in an engine than continuous high speed. I am afraid that many owners of cars that can travel along at speeds between 70 m.p.h. and 80 m.p.h. do not consider this point, and thereby add considerably to their motoring expenses. High speed also is expensive on tyres and petrol. On many occasions I have been talking to drivers who have registered complaints that their cars appear to consume an abnormal amount of petrol, quantities greatly in excess of what they were led to believe would be the case when purchasing the vehicle. When manufacturers give consumption figures in their pamphlets and catalogues they are usually based on the assumption that the car will be driven at a moderate speed.

The Automobile Association held their annual meeting of members at the Savoy Hotel, London, recently, when the committee presented their report for the year ending April 30, 1938. Motorists as a class are rather apt to look upon the A.A. as a large influential body which has always existed and which carries on its good work more or less automatically. They never seem to realise that this motoring body started from very small beginnings and that its great strength to-day is due in no small measure to the energy and drive of one individual, its secretary, Sir Stenson Cooke. To-day, its net membership is in excess of 693,000, and its annual income from subscriptions and entrance fees greatly exceeds £1,000,000. Obviously, an organisation of such vast dimensions cannot still be run by one man, but in addition to his energy and drive, Sir Stenson has the invaluable faculty of being able to gather around him a staff which are almost as efficient as he is himself.

During the year which was under review at this meeting the membership increased by 48,655, which shows that big as the A.A. was and is, it is becoming still bigger. The report is such an interesting document that I feel that some of the statements contained therein should be known by as many motorists as possible. During the course of their duties patrols and senior officials covered during the twelve months under review a distance in excess of 40,000,000 miles. As we motor every day we seem to see A.A. scouts very frequently, but few of us imagined that the aggregate distance of their movements added up to such an astounding figure.

I notice in the report that there is now an A.A. corps of military police. The War Office decided that the strength of this corps should be 500, but although the offer was limited to patrols not exceeding forty-two years of age, and a high standard of physical fitness was required, over 900 men volunteered within two days of the scheme being announced. Occasionally, as I travel along I find an A.A. scout or patrol rendering assistance to a driver, but I must confess that I am astounded to learn that such occasions total over 4,000,000 in a year. Whilst quoting these large figures I might mention that the A.A. telephone boxes were so

(Continued on page 20)

Some phrases seldom ring true

"I work my fingers to the bone for you"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

This is the earliest known English silver teapot. Its inscription says that it was presented to the East India Company by Lord Berkeley in 1670. The hall mark is that of London in that year.

HALL-
MARKS
OF
QUALITY

Trade Marks are also marks of quality. Only those products of which the makers are proud are distinguished in this way. The Bass Triangle is number one on the trade mark register just as, of course, Bass itself is number one among all Ales.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

Come Birdie Come

Oh why do the robins
Go flying away
When I want them to come
In the nursery and play?
Yet Nan says "To catch them
You really can't fail
If you sprinkle a little
Dry salt on their tail."

So some Cerebos Salt
In a little glass pourer
She gave me and said to me,
"Run along Laura
Just go out and catch
The first robin you see
And when you have got him
Then bring him to me."

The robins were singing
'Twas lovely to hear them
But somehow or other
I couldn't get near them.
So I went back to Nanny
As tired as could be
I was ever so hungry
And wanted my tea.

Oh why do the robins
Go flying away
When I want them to come
In the nursery and play?

CEREBOS SALT
for children of all ages

Can you take PASSABLE SNAPS?
– THEN YOU CAN MAKE **Superb Movies**

And at amazingly low cost—in rich natural colour or theatre quality black and white. Just hold the camera to your eye, look through the spy-glass view-finder, and *what you see you get!* There are no gadgets to confuse, for this camera was designed especially for the inexperienced by the men who make professional movie cameras used in studios throughout the world. FILMO 8 is no bigger than the palm of the hand—ready for use in an instant. These living, sparkling pictures will bring back your happiest times and entertain you and your friends for the rest of your life.

SEE **FILMO** 8 AT YOUR DEALERS

May we send you the booklet "How to make inexpensive Personal Movies"?

BELL & HOWELL CO. LTD. 13-14 GT CASTLE
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 *Telephone:* Langham 398

"WORLD'S WORST SAILOR" *defies*
SEA-SICKNESS

The Secret revealed! Selected from hundreds of sea-sickness sufferers as the "World's Worst Sailor," a man weighing 27½ stone undertook a most arduous journey to test the qualities of an amazing new sea-sickness treatment. By road, rail and sea to Paris, returning the following day by plane—yet no trace of sickness! Doctors in Paris and London enthusiastically confirmed the success of the new treatment—*now revealed as "AIRSEA,"* obtainable from all Chemists at 4/- and 7/6.

with

AIRSEA BRAND
ANTIDOTE FOR SEA, AIR and RAIL SICKNESS

DISTRIBUTED BY THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LTD., 6-12, OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

HOW'S YOUR GOLF?

Each week HENRY COTTON writes on GOLF in The Illustrated SPORTING and DRAMATIC News. He will answer enquiries about *YOUR* golf.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS—EVERY FRIDAY—ONE SHILLING.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

A WILD AND RUGGED RUIN OF PROVENCE: The Castle of Les Baux, in medieval days a stronghold of powerful feudal lords, is one of the outstanding architectural wonders of Southern France, and the desolate surrounding countryside is said on good authority to have inspired Dante in his composition of the Inferno

EXPLORING in FRANCE

Where the Extreme Cheapness of the Franc and Native Cordiality Combine to Smooth the Traveller's Path

FRANCE as a country for travellers and tourists could be considered under a dozen or more headings and then be subdivided into particular districts, the exploration of which would occupy many a day. Somewhere within the boundaries you will find everything the most exacting traveller can ask for. It is small wonder that in these days of a cheap franc and a cordiality intensified by the Royal visit so many people from these islands are spending their holidays over there. Many will not get far from the coastline of the English Channel, where they can spend lazy hours on sandy beaches, going to the golf courses and tennis courts, and to the casinos for the something different from what they know at home. When these things are so well done and there is an atmosphere of well-being and luxury around you, as at Deauville, for instance, there may be a disinclination to move farther afield. By the way, I suppose you know there are flying services which get you to Deauville in less time than many people take to get to the City every morning?

It is with some hesitation one offers any comparison of the coasts of France, knowing how the tastes of travellers differ, but it must be agreed generally that the Riviera is different. In the first place it is *the* Riviera, and while the gestures to the Englishman's love of sport, now equally shared by the Frenchman, are much the same wherever you go, there is a difference in the people, in the scenery, the country behind and the sea.

I never go to the Riviera without feeling I am missing a lot when I do not go outside the stations at Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, and there are a score of others whose names are only just registered by the eye as the train flashes through. There is something particularly friendly and inviting about the wine districts, inspiring visions of chateaux and peaceful little towns.

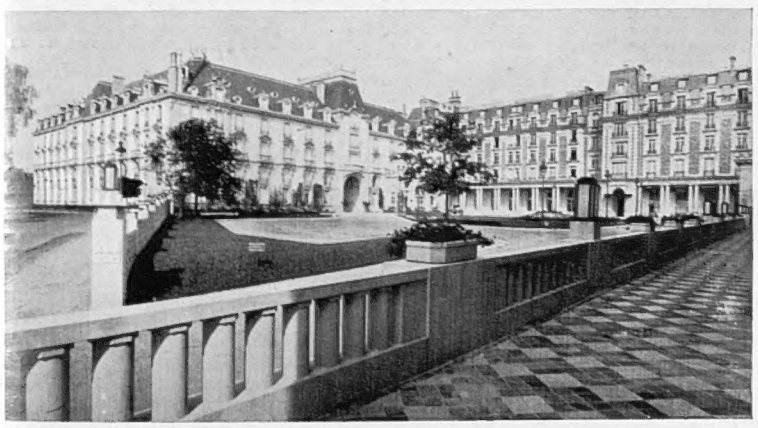
Lyons always attracts me. The founders of the city chose the site well, where the waters of the Sôane join those of the Rhône, and you seem to come upon the change of scene with dramatic suddenness.

An extraordinarily compact district from the tourist angle has Avignon as its centre, and before you move out of that town with the palace of the Popes, its old walls, and the Pont St. Benezet, Provence will have captured you. Then go out to Les Baux, carved it seems in a tapering hill spur, on to Arles and Nîmes, rich in atmosphere, with fingerprints of old Rome still upon them, and see the Pont du Gard. You will never forget them, and there is much more to see.

Another route to Nîmes comes down from Paris through Clermont-Ferrand, the capital of the old French province, Auvergne. Here are the Auvergne mountains, of which the highest peak, Mount Dore, is over 6,000 ft. They are a branch of the Cévennes, and in this neighbourhood steeped in history are great landscapes, thick forests, restful valleys, glorious old towns, grim castles and natural phenomena.

Or you may strike from Lyons to the south-east towards the Italian frontier, and with Grenoble as headquarters, explore the old province of Dauphiné, now the departments of Isère, Drôme, and Hautes-Alps. Peaks and glaciers rise tier upon tier, and the slopes sheltered from the sun are covered with forests and pastures. Grenoble, on the Isère, with a background of the Belledonne Mountains, is an excellent centre. The famous Chartreuse monastery; Briançon, perched over 4,000 ft. up in the Alps, a powerful, natural stronghold; and La Grave, facing the glaciers of the Meije, are just three of many places to see. The autocar services in this part of the country are excellent.

LYONS—THIRD CITY OF FRANCE: Looking across the River Saône, just before its confluence with the Rhône, to the famous Hill of Fourvière and the Byzantine-style church of Notre Dame, built in fulfilment of a vow made by the clergy of Lyons during the war of 1870-71



A POPULAR SPA IN THE VOSGES DEPARTMENT: The spacious inner court of the Grand Hotel at Vittel where so many go to take the cure in summer

These are but the hors d'œuvres of the travel feast which France offers, and there is good wine for every course.

France has a remarkable array of thermal resorts. They are not located in one particular district but range from the Belgian frontier to the Pyrenees and from the fringe of the Normandy forest to the Vosges and Alps. Between twenty and thirty of them are classed as major resorts, fifteen as medium, and there is a host of small but successful ones. The choice of a spa must be dictated very largely by the nature of the cure to be undertaken, and in her beneficence nature has given France springs for almost every ailment. It is quite a mistaken idea that these places are peopled by chronic invalids. Their visitors are wise enough to go there long before they reach that stage, and with the air and the waters they fortify themselves against tendencies created by the conditions of modern life. Yet not so modern, perhaps, for a couple of thousand years ago the Romans in their excursions through Europe were glad of the restorative powers of the waters. If they were good for the tough legionaries they are good enough for us.

You will find that these spas are the haunts of fashion in the summer; many have their casinos, golf courses, sports grounds and race-courses. Concerts, fêtes and gala performances conspire against weariness and monotony. Without exception they are set in beautiful natural surroundings, and if the cure does not impose a very limited choice, you may pick a resort according to your preference for mountains, valleys, or lakes.

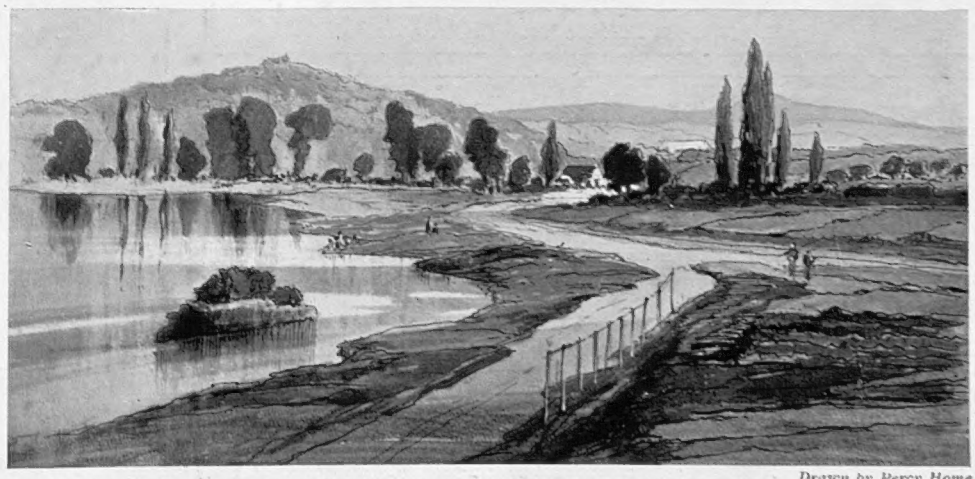
Some of the spas are almost household names in the United Kingdom—Vichy, Vittel, Evian and Contrexéville are instances. The bottled waters of these spas are available in all our leading hotels and are widely used with beneficial results. It is worth while going to see the places they come from. They are all most attractive, and there is no better place to take the waters and their complementary treatment than at the source, a familiar word in the language of the spa people.

Vittel is a small country town in the part of the Vosges department known as the Lorraine plateau. It has two famous springs, the Grande Source and the Source Hépar, and the thermal town is built in a beautiful valley of meadows and little woods. The season is from May to September and the most favourable periods for taking the cure are at the beginning and towards the end of the season. Contrexéville is quite close to Vittel.

Farther south, and overlooking the lovely Lake Léman is Evian. The town slopes upwards in the form of an amphitheatre, culminating in a wooded plateau. The season extends from May to October.

Vichy, in the Bourbonnais, lies on that route already referred to from Paris through Auvergne to the south. Once a hamlet, it is now known throughout the world, and people from all parts go there for treatment. Life is very pleasant there. It has extensive parks, and many excursions may be made into the charming country around. The main hydropathic establishment is a magnificent piece of architecture and a model of its kind.

Beverley Brooke



Drawn by Percy Home

THE ALLIER IDLES BY: A glimpse of the pleasant country in the vicinity of Vichy, most renowned of French spas, where the season is now in full swing. Vichy's curative waters were known to the Romans

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager : OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.

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WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

'Phone : Springpark 2000

Half an hour from City and West End.

MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Swimming, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

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Leading Hotel in the West Country

Centre of Cotswolds

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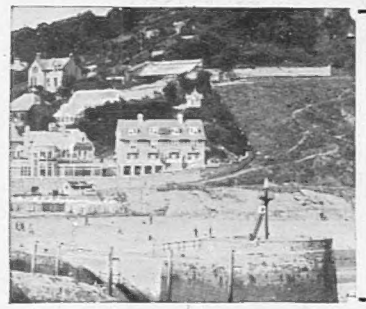
THE HONYWOOD HOTELS



French windows thrown open . . .

sun pouring in, blue skies and sea. Colourful days of perfection await you in Aug. and Sept. especially, at

BOSCARN HOTEL

Tel. Looe 23. **LOOE** CORNWALL

A small luxury hotel at the edge of the sea, famous for its cuisine, and under the same personal direction as the Dorset Square Hotel, Baker Street, London, W. 1, Tel. Pad. 4452, whose fame for fresh Cornish produce and peacefulness away from the world of traffic has spread over two hemispheres. Write for booklet.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL—Leading and Best

Sea Front. *Telephone : 201*

The Principal Hotel in a fashionable town is The Prince—in fact, *the* social hub of the north-west. For your entertainment are theatres, concerts, and all manner of sport, including seven first-class golf courses within half-an-hour of our doors. Inside the Hotel, a high standard of luxury prevails, with an admirable cuisine and impeccable service.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

For full details of moderate tariff, write N. Gascoigne, Managing Director. Telephones : 4131.

For Luxury without Extravagance—stay at

The POLYGON

SOUTHAMPTON'S FINEST HOTEL

Telephone: SOUTHAMPTON 5061

SCOTLAND

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition. Tariff free.

PEEBLES HYDRO

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY HOTEL—and so convenient for the Exhibition !

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO

DUNBLANE Phone 161 **PERTHSHIRE**

On main North Road less than an hour's run from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Reconstructed and with every modern comfort. Largest private indoor Swimming Pool in Scotland, Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Bowling, Dancing, Orchestra. Fully Licensed. Managing Director, R. Gillies, of Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, and Royal Hotel, Bridge of Allan.

Terms from Resident Manager, A. P. Tregenna.

In Quest of

A New and Luxuriously Modern Old Polygon at Southampton

ONE always regrets the passing of the old. There will be many who will remember the old Polygon Hotel, Southampton — rather dark and forbidding when one first went in, solid Victorian furniture, waitresses with long streamers to their caps. But against all this, it was a place which grew on one tremendously. The beds were comfortable, the cupboards were capacious, the cooking was homely and most excellent, and Miss Dowland and her dog Peter, who presided over all, could be very friendly and, at times, very frigid !

We regret the old, but we welcome the new. For on the site of the old Polygon has risen, phœnix-like, a new Polygon Hotel, which is entirely in keeping with the growing importance of Southampton as a port. The new Polygon bears few traces of the somewhat antiquated charm of the old. A magnificent modern erection, it can be seen half-way across Southampton, and I feel sure that travellers who fetch up in Southampton Docks after a tempestuous crossing must catch sight of its pleasant building with a feeling of relief and hope.

Inside, it is as modern as modern can be, with every conceivable luxury and convenience, which seem to say to the transatlantic visitor "Here, at least, we can welcome you as you would welcome us." The Polygon is, indeed, a noteworthy addition to Southampton's well-known hotels.

It will, I suppose, be a little time before it begins to challenge, as far as the wideness of reputation goes, the long-established tradition of the South-Western—one of the famous Empire group of hotels, and by no means the least noteworthy of them. The Empire Hotels, I feel, merit an article to themselves, and so I shall not say more here about the South-Western, save that it is one of the oldest-established and best known hotels in any port.

After the South-Western and the Polygon, the Dolphin, a Trust House, probably comes next in the list of fame. I do not know whether it is that I have been especially lucky on one or two occasions recently, but it has struck me that the Trust Houses in this part of the country are of an exceptionally high standard. A chance visit, for instance, to the White Horse at Romsey the other day—another Trust House—also left me with a very pleasant feeling of comfortable surroundings and really alert management.

And mention of Romsey brings me to the next point I want to make. People

SCOTLAND—*continued*

Edinburgh's most modern hotel is NOW OPEN

The NEW CARLTON strikes a fresh note, and is the first in Edinburgh to have a **PRIVATE BATHROOM WITH EVERY BEDROOM.** Room telephone service, giving immediate attention to guests' requirements, with central heating in each of its hundred charmingly furnished rooms.

The charges are moderate—from **12/6**, including breakfast and private bathroom; dinner 8/6—yet the New Carlton is a luxury hotel in the fullest sense of the word. Beautiful decorations, and every comfort; Restaurant, Lounges, Ballroom and the very attractive **SILVER GRILL**, where, before the open charcoal fire, food which has been pronounced by visitors as the best in Scotland, may be enjoyed in delightful surroundings.

The hotel faces Princes Street, adjacent to Waverley Station (L.N.E.R.).

NEW CARLTON HOTEL

Telephone : Edinburgh 32811 (4 lines). Fully licensed—no bars **NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH** *Telegrams : "Bestotel, Edinburgh"*

"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL

In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL

Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams : Melcrest, Edinburgh*

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the

FOREST HILLS HOTEL

offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.

LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

GULLANE FOR GOLF, Gullane for sands, sea-air, sunshine and complete unspoiltness. It is also Gullane for goodness if you stay at

THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE

EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND

A three-star, fully licensed hotel of fifty-six bedrooms which has a worthy reputation for good service, good food and good nights. For tariff and brochure write to E. Crichton

Telephone . Gullane 106

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

olygon Rises on the Site of the Where to Stay in the New Forest

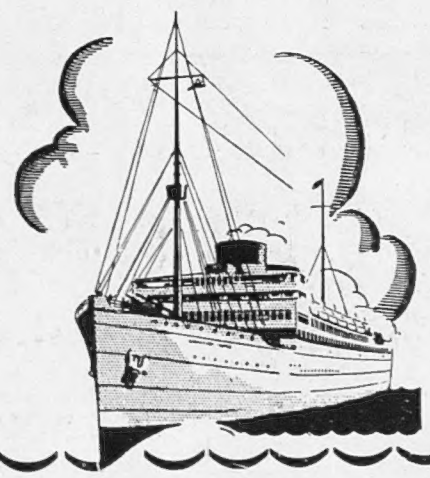
are a little too apt to dismiss Southampton as an important port, and to forget that it has many advantages as a holiday centre. For it is, indeed, the focal point of some very delightful country. With the New Forest behind it, and beyond that the pine woods of Bournemouth and the Dorset Hills in one direction and the South Downs in the other, you will find it a most strategic point from which to explore with a car.

The New Forest I always consider one of the truly unspoiled parts of England. It is certainly traversed by first-class roads, but that is a convenience rather than a drawback. Off the roads you will find mile upon mile of untouched bridle path and woody glade. Here is an ideal haunt for the lover of natural life, whether for a passing picnic or a carefully planned summer holiday.

There are numerous hotels of note in the New Forest. The Montagu Arms at Beaulieu is one that I have mentioned on more than one occasion before, and sheer unpretentious quality brings it quickly to mind on this occasion. The Grand at Lyndhurst is another, which I have written about less often, for I have not so long been acquainted with it, but it is a genuine discovery and in a delightful part of the forest. If you want proximity to the sea, Langdown Lawn at Hythe cannot be bettered as a place in which you can combine the rural delights of the inland country behind you with the magnificent marine spectacle of Southampton Water.

Altogether, this is a part of the country which holds pleasant prospects for the discriminating holiday-maker. Whether you make your headquarters in the gleaming splendour of the Polygon or the dignified tranquillity of Langdown Lawn, or in any other of a score of places—some of which I have mentioned—you will find a lovely country, a wealth of occupation for your days, both scenic and sporting, and a people who, while fully alive to the requirements of the holiday-maker, seem completely unspoiled by the taint of commercialism which can mar so many otherwise attractive districts.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
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Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
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Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl., W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
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Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
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Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
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Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH (Continued from page 186)

about. They could not follow the game so swiftly were they not. In the control van is much complicated apparatus concerned with the proper adjustments to be made to the picture and the sound broadcast which accompanies it. From that van the signals are passed either straight to a special cable which takes it direct to Alexandra Palace, or, as is more usual, to the ultra-short-wave transmitter van which sends the complicated signals into the ether to be picked up at a receiving station high on Highgate Hill and from thence sent by cable to Alexandra Palace where they are further corrected and balanced before being sent out from the high aerial on the tower. Sitting in our homes we see the pictures. The modern wonder is accomplished. All we do is switch on and switch off. The wonder-workers are hidden from our eyes but perhaps this short description will give them some of the honour they deserve.

Ernest E. H. Robinson

DRAMA AND BALLET (Continued from page 189)

changes of key. There is no harm, of course, in having a personal idiom, which is possessed by the greatest composers. But there is a risk in overdoing it. Not for a moment do I suggest that the dances from *Prince Igor*, which followed later in the evening, would suit a fairy ballet. Yet I found their virility as refreshing as a walk across a rain-swept heath after a drawing-room with all the windows shut.

Shakespeare in Modern Dress Again.—The presentation of Shakespeare in modern dress—we are shortly in for a further bout of it—has not even the virtue of novelty. The two plays selected for this treatment in the near future are *Troilus and Cressida*, which would be tedious however it was dressed, and *Hamlet*, which would be interesting in any dress, and possibly more interesting still in none at all.

It is said that such experiments show the undying genius of Shakespeare and the way such a masterpiece as *Hamlet* applies to any age. Well, there's no law against the process, though to argue that the universal appeal of *Hamlet* is emphasised by putting the prince in a dinner-jacket and Polonius in a frock-coat is all fiddle-de-dee.

But the number of arguments trotted out to support what I have always protested against as an unjustifiable piece of tomfoolery (unjustifiable in that, for one thing, the sheer incongruity inevitably draws undue emphasis to secondary matters) is extraordinary.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, whose sincerity I do not doubt, and who is to present the Old Vic company in *Hamlet* in this modern fashion at Buxton in September, has declared that "when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* he envisaged his characters in the dress of his own day." So why not keep them in the dress of his own day?

CONTINUATIONS

But did Shakespeare envisage *Julius Cæsar* or *Coriolanus* in the dress of his own day, even if that was how, owing to the meagre facilities of the Elizabethan stage, they had to be played? Surely not.

As for the argument that in the eighteenth century they used only eighteenth century costumes on the stage (because they had not the gumption or historic and dramatic sense to do otherwise), I see no reason for repeating such customs of another age. Are we to scrap electric light in our theatres because David Garrick used candles?

"Noblissima Visione."—St. Francis of Assisi had poverty as a noble ideal, but M. Massine, who is now leaping about the Drury Lane stage as the Saint in a ballet (what *are* ballets coming to?), has no poverty about him in the matter of ideas. Having recently put a theological-cum-terpsichorean interpretation on Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, he has devised, in a ballet entitled *Noblissima Visione*, an austere picture of the Saint, Poverty (in the graceful person of Mlle Nini Theilade), and of monks and nuns dancing in a most decorous finale.

The result is not very exciting, nor possibly was it intended to be. The music, by Herr Hindemith, is largely contrapuntal, and as such appropriately academic, even if at times the counterpoint does not seem to fit.

THE PETROL WORLD (Cont. from page 194)

that members made from them 270,000 trunk and local calls. I cannot mention all the subjects dealt with in this report, although they are extremely interesting, but I must make a note of the fact that more than 61,000 members obtained legal assistance and advice from the Association's legal department. When I learn further from the report that most of the prosecutions instituted by the police against members were for comparatively trivial infringements, I realise what a terrible waste of time and money is involved by these unnecessary and irritating activities of the police.

Whilst the membership of the A.A. is so big that it makes it the world's largest motoring organisation, it is amazing to me that so many motorists can and do derive benefit from its activities and yet never join it as members.

For the past six months or so the R.A.C. and the Auto-Cycle Union have together been considering the question of reliability trials on the public highway. I am giving away no secrets when I state that unless something had been done and fairly quickly there was a grave possibility that the Government would be compelled to act, with the result that all trials on the public highway would be declared illegal, as speed trials are to-day.

Briefly, the recommendations provide that the number of competitions held on the highway in any year shall not be excessive and that no particular area is overburdened. Competition tyres, which are a variety with large knobbly excrescences, are definitely banned. These were used by drivers in order to obtain a better grip on the almost impossible surfaces which were included in some trials. Their exclusion will, it is hoped, prevent organisers directing their competitors along out-of-the-way lanes close to which there are probably many houses built so that their inhabitants may enjoy quietude, particularly at week-ends. Competition tyres were also responsible for damage to loose surfaces, and as no local council cared very much to foot the bill in repairing these surfaces it is hoped that by banning these tyres the local authorities may become less unfriendly. Numbers which competitors carry in these trials for the purpose of identification are to be made less conspicuous and must be removed immediately the trial is terminated. Although the governing bodies of motoring and motor-cycle sports consider that this will assist the public to realise that these trials are not races, I think the point is very unimportant and is not likely to make any great difference in the situation. It is proposed that the recommendations shall become operative at the beginning of next year and the necessary machinery is now being established to carry them out.

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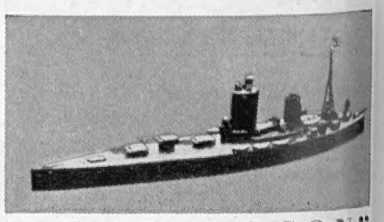

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